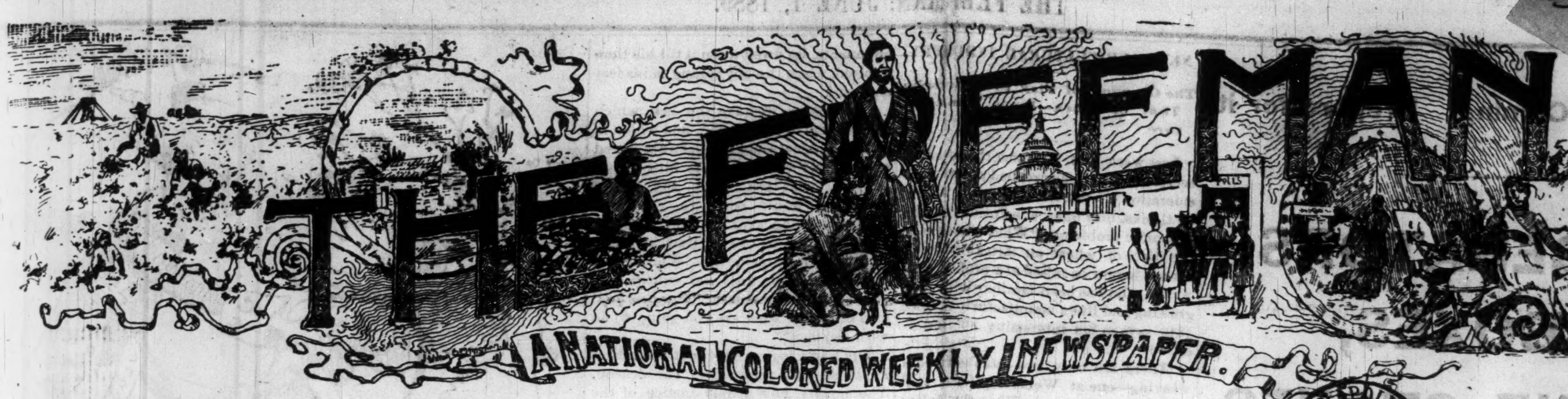

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VOLUME 2.—NUMBER 15. INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA, SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1889. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

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OUR NATAL DAY.

As Observed in Pensacola, Fla., A Grand Parade, Eloquent Speeches and a General Good Time---Coming Men and Women.

Pensacola, Fa., special correspondence.

Abraham Lincoln's emancipation proclamation receives the undivided attention of the colored people here every year. They manifested a greater interest in it this year than ever before. Early Monday morning, the twentieth inst. our streets showed signs of a great day for the people of industry and progress, the colored people. On all the streets of the line of march you could see one solid mass of bumanity of all races, nationality and colors eager to see the paraders, and they were amply compensated for their one or two hours patience. At 10 o'clock the August procession started from Seville square and marched through the principal streets to a point on north Devillier street where they took the cars for Kupfrian's Park, the place of celebration. They were handsomely dressed, wearing the most of them costly suits of black beautiful and admirable rosetts and sashes and finest horses abtainable, and in the finest carriages that could be had. Anxious spectators almost rushed upon them to get a glimpse of their stately form and brilliant appearance. Americans, Italians, Sweeds, Norwegian, Spanards, Greeks, Jews, Germans, Irishmen, and everybody else pronounces this the grandest affair on an occasion of this kind ever witnessed here. The decoration of the various vehicles was profuse and almost indescribable with the choiciest Florida flowers and evergreens and etc. The huge float containing the godess of liberty, and her attendants dressed by the indefatiginble West end school teacher Mrs. M. F. Green was the centre of attraction. A great many ladies and gentlemen from different portions of west Florida, and even from Alabama were present to witness the brilliant affair. This was probably the best dressed assemblage of colored people ever seen here taken as a whole.

Before seven o'clock there were one steady stream of people making their way to the park, in and on every conceivable kind of conveyances. After all a great many had to walk. The six or eight street cars running continuously packed all the while so much, that standing room was at premium, proved to be wholly inadequate to the task. At 1:30 p m the vast assemblage of two or three thousand more or less was asked by the proper authorities to partake freely of the abundant supply of well cooked food prepared for them consisting of five beeves, two hogs, six sheep, twenty-ffve hams, a thousand loaves of bread and other innumerable delicacies which goes to make the inner man feel fully satisfied.

Coming from all sections of the park at 3:30 p m the people gathered around the speakers stand. The usual honors was accorded to the godess of liberty when she acted her part. After the conclusion Mrs. M. F. Green, who will soon stand at the head of her profession here read an essay on the "cultivation of the intellect" that surpassed anything of a similar character read, or an occasion of the kind here for many years. After its reading she gave the women some of the soundest and wisest advice that they ever had. The muched admired essayist took her seat, amidst a shower of bouquets and prolonged applause. You could hear on both sides from the older ladies and gentlemen: "God bless you child" "go on" "I am glad that you are such a smart girl" and etc. This useful personage is not part European and part African, nor do her complexion show that any of her ancestors had one drop of Caucasion blood in them. Mr. —— Thomas of the Tuskegee Normal school was the next speaker. He showed in a few well chosen words the progress that the colored race has made since they have been emancipated. J. D. Thompson, our lawyer, historian and statistician, in his usual way addressed the assemblage for a few minutes declaring in the mean time that there was no "Negro problem" and "the only way to conquer the Negro is to marry him." Being a learned gentleman and an every day speaker, it is useless to say that he was equal to the occasion, and his speech was heartily received. At the conclusion of his speech some one asked me who was that "pretty little yellow man?" "I told him it was the Rev. Down." Then he squalled out "Down! Down!" the chairman then in fitting words introduced the Rev. R. R. Down of Georgia. The learned divine, orator and self possessed gentleman made the speech of the evening.

He said so far as creation was concearned, the colored and whites were equal, but for them to be equal as a whole, they must accumulate property, get wealth, education, be refined, bankers, merchants, be men and women of good morals, be owners of rail roads, telegraphs, cables and be in possession of every thing that the predominant race possesses, then we can truly say that we are their equals in every respect. Continuing he said talk about Africa! Who own it? The white man own the best and most fertile part of the continent, and what inducement do you see for the colored people to immigrate there? Stay where you are this is the best place for you, respect your wives, children and your race, have race pride, put confidence in one another, don't all try to be leaders, let the most competent and worthy rule patronize the newspapers and other enterprises owned by men of your race, and pay more attention to the laws of nature. Space forbid more than merely mentioning a meagre part of his address as he spoke for a considerable while, without repeating a single sentence. The Daily News (white) speaking of him said: "The speaker at once gave evidence of leaving, he is naturally an orator. He is an admirable and elegant diction, a perfect gesticulation and a good voice," and other commendable words, which I don't remember at present. Mr. J. W. Whittaker, of the Tuskegee Normal School, followed this gentleman In earnest and eloquent words he told the colored people to act the part of a true man, to protect their homes, even if it causes death and hundreds of other things beneficial to the race. Concerning the church and ministry, he was quite severe too, much so in the judgment of some.

The white citizens contributed liberally toward making the celebration a success for which they have the sincere thanks of every colored lady and gentleman in Pensacola. The following is the committee who made this affair such a decided success: Joseph Edwards, R. H. Matthews, E. J. Kemble, E. A. Bryant, J. P. Williams, C. J. Simmons, J. A. Spann, J. T. Mark, W. A. Elymus Watson, T. S. Grice, Frank Jones, I. H. Johnson, R H. Hamilton and other.

WILLIAN STILL, ESQ.

Author, Philanthrophist and Merchant.

We publish elsewhere in this issue a portrait of one of the ablest and best known colored men in this country—William Still. Mr. Still came before the public at a time when prominent colored men were few and comparatively unknown. He belongs to the school of such men as Wendell Phillips, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Gerrit Smith, Frederick Douglass and men of another generation.

He was born in Shamong, New Jersey, Oct. 7, 1821, and was the youngest of eighteen children by Levin and Charity Still. He worked at farming until he reached the twenties, picking up his education catch as catch can. He went to Philadelphia in 1844, without friends or money, but with a determination to do and to succeed.

It was here that he became interested in the Underground Railroad and was made its secretary. The history of this wonderful period is too long to be treated here, but one must buy the book if they would know its history and learn how well he performed his duties as secretary.

The "Underground R. R.," the book, is written in excellent style and is full of interest from beginning to end. Through the kindness of Mr. Still The Freeman has been enabled to give its readers illustrations from it from time to time. These, however, give but a faint idea of the merits and magnitude of the work. Mr. Still still lives in Philadelphia and is successfully engaged in the coal business. He is a strict church member and contributes to every worthy enterprise.

Mr. Bernard Tyrrel, an able orator and scholar, is on a lecture tour through the East in the interest of Storer College. His lectures are well attended and are highly appreciated and spoken of by the most cultured classes.

WILLIAM STILL, Esq.,
Author, Philanthropist and Merchant, of Philadelphia, Pa.,

THE NEGRO RACE.

Its Origin and a Few Queries---Judge Takes a Hopeful View---Gleanings From the Western Metropolis---Colored Cadets Win a Prize---Childrens May Festival.

St. Louis special to The Freeman

History ancient and modern, history of nations trailing in the dust and of nations in whom we have no interest we are constantly reading of, but of our own we offer but little. We should not be too much concerned as to whether France and England be at war neither take up to much time to explain whether Europe or Asia be civilized or uncivilized, but the thing that should be of most importance to us is, whether or not our race is progressing in civilization and christianity. If we bring together vast numbers of earth's inhabitants and examine them closely we can only find out five distinct races, but varying in color, for all Caucasians are not white, all Mongolians yellow, all Malays brown, all Indians red nor all Africans black, the cause of this variation of color has not been revealed satisfactorily to man. There are many external and internal causes which produce these differences in the children of men, but like other cause in nature, producing wonderful effect, they are beyond our power of comprehension. There is a Supreme power which causes these things. That same power placed the stars in the firmament some to shine with more brilliancy than others, made the grass green and the skies blue and separated the light from the darkness. The days and nights continue in rapid succession, the grass grows on, and the planets cease not to rotate and move in their orbits while nothing but man stops to inquire, "where got we our color?" When we ask this, we also ask from whence the fowls obtain their varigated plumage, the fish their various hue and the animals their stripes and spots. We understand color to be no fixed characteristic, it may vary in the same race or tribe. We can find in Africa, black, brown and all most white Abysinians, in Europe as well as in this country white Jews and in Africa and China black Jews. Yet everywhere alike they have the same adaption to language and commerce and everything save color. It has been said that the Negro is an inferior race incapable of receiving instructions like other races but we find this to be untrue. And men of unbias brain now regard it as mere burlesque, and considers him under similar circumstances and surroundings susceptible to all that is comprehended in the term we are. Have the Father of the African race according to general traditions founded the Kingdom of Egypt in 2800 B C. the oldest and grandest civilization of antiquity. Mizirim, the son of Ham, turned a side the Gile from its bed and built the city of Memphis where it formerly flowed. The ancient pyramids as well as many other interesting discoveries father back in the laps of ages than accurate knowledge of the historian stands a living monument of Ham. The native home of our race contains an area of 11,000,000 square miles a population of 406,000,000, four times that of the United States, 6,000,000 of the inhabitants of Africa belong to the various christian churches which shows where the opportunity has been granted he has been awaken to think. In the United States of America where equal advantages have been afforded our race, it is a fact that no where has a race made so much progress within a quarter of a century. The beacons lights of the race stands as living monuments of the possibility of the Negro. First, the Hon. Frederick Douglass, whose greatness I have not language to adequately to express, today, though bent with age, stands one of the most gifted orators upon the pages of history, along with him stands Blanche K. Bruce, Toussaint L'Overture, of San Domingo and a number of others whose future generation will be proud of as pioneers and statesmen.

The lives of these great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime
And, departing, leave be hind us
Foot-prints on the sands of time.

NOTES.

The funeral of Mrs. Alice E. Granam took place last Sunday from All Saints Church.

The Colored Presbyterian church is doing nicely under the pastor of Rev. W. H. Smith.

Miss Annie M. Caraway, of Columbus, Ky., is in the city a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Clifton Alexander, of Belleglade avenue.

The Central Baptist Church will not cover up crime as some of our city papers has stated. They have decided by a large vote not to reinstate him.

Rev. C. W. Preston, the paster at St. Peters Church is truly an able man. He is pushing the work on the new building to completion and it will be one of the most beautiful churches in the city. Rev. Preston has a host of young friends and followers of whom he is justly proud.

Rev. Wyatt Scott, the popular pastor of Mt. Zion Baptist Church was pleasantly surprised one evening last week by abont thirty-six friends and members of his church, Rev. W. H. Smith, of the Presbyterian church included. After a sernade the party entered the house bringing baskets and packages ladened with good things and a purse of $21. Rev. Scott is unable to express his appreciation for these tokens.

The Union concerts given at St. Peters Chaple on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday evenings, by the young people of the different churches, under the management of Mr. E. K. Boyd was a grand success. The program was highly instructive and entertaining. Mr. J. H. Jones had charge of the musical department and the excellent manner in which the selections were rendered speaks well for his ability. The drama "A Kiss in the Dark" was produced with good effect and kept the audience in a perpetual storm of laughter. The idea of this Union concert was originated and planed by Mr. Boyd, to whom much praise is due.

The Childrens Great Day.

Childhood happiness the consumation of all joys was seen this morning in its perfect state at the fair grounds. The occasion being the Second Annual Sunday School May Festival. Twenty thousand children were on the grounds before 11 o'clock and they roamed at there own sweet will over that delightful place and indulged in base ball, foot ball, racing and other amusements. The din was so deafenning that the music of the brass bands, fife and drum corps could hardly be heard at times. At 11 o'clock the grand chorous of ten thousands childrens voices sang "Jesus shall reign where 'er the sun" and no angelic choir will sing more sweetly. The lunch was fixed at noon and the hungry children went so their baskets with better appetite than they enjoyed for many moons. The grand parade, broom drill by the young, bicycle parade, fireworks and other amusements afforded unbounded joy to the children. The drill between the colored and white cadets created the greatest sensation and enthusiasm. The colored cadets was awarded with the prize as being the best drilled. There was no distinction on account of color.

The Freeman is on sale at the following places.

C. A. Pitman, Barbershop, 26 and 28 Morgan street.

A. J. Victor, Barbershop, 713 North Eleventh street.

Glenn B. Melton, Restaurant, 2304 Morgan street.

Aaron W. Lloyd, 2213 Morgan street, agent for St. Louis.

APATHY IN KANSAS.

The Colored Voters Fail to Rally and a Republican Barely Gets Elected ---Negro Enterprise--Paragraphs.

Topeka, Kansas, special.

There was very little interest manifested in the recent Congressional election by the Republicans throughout the district, which is attributed to the general dissatisfaction of the people toward the administration. Especially is this noticeable of the colored voters. Of the 2,000 of them in this city, there was only about 100 votes cast, in spite of the efforts of politicians to work up enthusiasm. There never was so small a colored vote polled here before, and those who seem best informed say that the colored people were not satisfied with the treatment they were receiving at the hands of the administration. Nevertheless, Hon. Harrison Kelly, the Republican nominee, was elected.

Several colored business men of Leavenworth had a representation of their business in the great Trades Display which took place there on the 23d. Among them the Leavenworth Advocate, the organ of the colored people of the State, which had a float containing Smith's Advocate Band. Also Mr. G. W. Jackson, sign painter, who had a very creditable display of artistic painting. The float attracted considerable attention. Several others also took part. This is the first instance that colored men have taken part in such displays in the State. What's the matter with Topeka?

Lawrence, Kansas, has three colored graduates from her High School and one from the State University.

The Commencement exercises of the Hobson Normal Institute, an institution founded by the "Society of Friends," for the education of the colored people, Parsons, Kansas, was held on the evening of the 24th. There were fifteen graduates, among them Miss Minnie Waller, of this city.

Don't forget to hear Blind Tom, the great musical phenomena, on the 3d, 4th and 5th.

The Alabama papers are bitterly denouncing Gov. Humphrey for his action in the case of J. W. Allen, who was wanted in that State for shooting with intent to kill. As the officers of that State were aware of his whereabouts for over five years, the Governor did not feel justified in letting one of Kansas's citizens be taken away without sufficient evidence. The Southern Press is very indignant over the matter.

P. H. Bray.

There are nineteen bishops in the M. E. church south.

Liberty, Mo., has a new paper, the Bazoo, B. B. Tully, editor.

H. C. Smith, of the Cleveland Gazette is a member of a base ball club.

The Christian Index—organ of the C. M. E. church—has purchased a new press and printing office.

The "Teachers' Guide," of Hayesville, Ala., in the interest of colored teachers, is a new journalistic venture.

The Baptist Vanguard, of Little Rock, Ark, is one of the neatest papers, typographically, that comes to this office.

Bath Beach has a weekly paper called The Tide. Its social news is confined to people who are tied—married people.

The Bee is of the opinion that Hon. Fred Douglass is rich enough to do without an office. In the language of Mr. D.—How do you know?

What has become of the Baptist Headlight, Nashville? It purchased a new outfit several months ago, but still fails to put in an appearance.—American Baptist.

The Detroit Plaindealer has a real estate office in connection with its other office work. It must have something to do while waiting for subscriptions to come in.

If there is a superior virtue in Republican principles, now is the time for the G. O. P. to demonstrate it, with the control of the Presidency and both houses of Congress.—Plaindealer.

The Afro-American Press, by I. Garland Penn, of Lynchburg, Va., will soon be ready for the press, and will be an excellent contribution to Negro literature.

Robert Pelham, manager of the Detroit Plaindealer, has been appointed deputy oil inspector for Michigan, by Gov. Alger. One by one the faithful are rewarded.

J. J. Spellman, J. M. Townsend and J. R. Lynch. The J's seem to be a lucky letter to have your name commence with if you want an office. Let us have J. L Waller next.—The Advocate, Kas.

Get education, get property, buy land, build up character, and serve the Lord. This will solve every problem, in time and eternity.

This is the timely advice which The Southwestern Christian Advocate gives.

The Races and Their Future—A Plea for education, by J. O. A. Clark, D. D., is a new publication. It is one of the most comprehensive, liberal and progressive deliverance published on the subject. Price 25 c.

That strong friend of human and individual rights, Geo. W. Cable, will soon contribute another article on what is termed "The Negro Problem," entitled "What Makes the Color Line," to the columns of "America."

This is the age of condensed milk, concentrated lye, compressed yeast and powerful extracts. Give us the news in some such form. Let every word represent a cupful of ideas—says an exchange. Would that some contributors and correspondents could understand this.

Instead of "falling back into a state of savagery," as Mr. James A. Froude, the English historian, says after reading Mr. Bruce's absurd book, "The Plantation Negro as a Freeman," the prediction in Georgia is to the effect that if the Whites do not stir themselves, the Negro will pass ahead of them, and thereby secure that supremacy which superior intelligence, wealth and character always bring.

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NEW AGRICULTURAL INDUSTRY.

The Growing of Flax to Supersede That of Whea—Linen Manufacture.

Last week Prof. Williams, the assistant secretary of agriculture, had under consideration a letter from Ireland which he thinks, may offer a solution of the economic problem: "What shall take the place of wheat on farms where it cannot longer be raised at a profit?" The writer, who has been familiar with flax-growing and linen manufacturing since 1840, says in his interesting communication:

"There are only two establishments weaving—one at Webster, Mass., and the other at Appleton, Wis., the latter doing but little and neither weaving anything finer than crash. There is nothing in the climate or soil connecting with the assertion that just as good flax and linen may be produced in every State in the American Union as in any country. Germany now spins and weaves the finest linen, and she has no essentially different climate from America. Many things become successful in America from the facility with which the people take up improved processes and appliances, and this may be the salvation of the linen industry, of the importance of which there is no question. There s every reason why American farmers should produce 1,000,000 acres of flax for both seed and fiber over and above what is now produced, which would give twelve million to fifteen million bushels of seed, worth as many millions of dollars, and 2,500,000 tons of flax straw worth $50,000,000, and from which 500,000 tons of flax fiber would be obtained, worth $100,000,000. Once established, American invention would, as in all other industries, soon build up an industry to consume this material. I wish the state department would start experimental farms to grow a small amount in each state and such private farmers as are disposed to do the same. The flax should be shown upon any good, mellow soil which has been well manured the past year, or active chemical fertilizers may be employed to a reasonable extent. The seed should be sown at the rate of two and a half bushels on an acre of land, brushed in, and no other attention is needed, excepting that any large weeds may be removed until the flax has "turned" for half its length, when it should be pulled, cured and cared for to keep it bright, in the same manner as is done with hay. The seed may be taken off by "rippling' or by 'doller thrashing' and there would be a market for all flax straw thus grown at $20 per ton. The crop should give two and a half tons of straw to an acre and twelve to fifteen bushels of seed. The cost of pulling is, in Canada, $5 an acre."

Prof. Willetts has informed the sender that the subject of his letter would be earnestly considered by the department, which would lend its aid to any effort to increase or diversify the agricultural industry of the country.

America in Asia.

George Kennan, in the May Century.

"After long and diligent search in a queer, dark, second-hand booth kept by a swarthy Mongol, I was rewarded by the discovery of a product of American genius that partly satisfied my patriotism and served as a tangible proof that New England marks the time to which all humanity keeps step. It was an old second-hand clock, made in Providence, Rhode Island, the battered and somewhat grimy face of which still bore in capital letters the characteristic American legend' 'Thirty Hour Joker.' Mongolia might know nothing of American literature or of American magazines but it had made the acquaintance of the American clock; and although this particular piece of mechanism had lost its hands, its 'Thirty Hour Joker' was a sufficiently pointed allusion to the national characteristic to satisfy the most ardent patriotism. An American joker does not need hands to point out the merits of his jokes, and this mutilated New England clock, with its empty key-hole eyes and its battered but still humorous visage, seemed to leer at me out of the darkness of that queer old second-hand shop as if to say, 'You may come to Siberia, you may explore Mongolin, but you can't get away from the American joker.' I was a little disappointed to find in this bazar some representative masterpiece of American literature, but I was more than satisfied a short time afterward when I discovered in a still wilder and more remote part of the Trans-Baikal a copy of Mark Twain's 'Life on the Mississippi' and a Russian translation of Bret Harte's 'Luck of Roaring Camp.' "

A Boy's Logical Argument.

Lewiston Journal.

The Up River News gives the following reminiscence of an incident in an Oldtown lyceum forty years ago, to which all the doctors, lawyers and ministers of the town belonged. One evening capital punishment was the question being discussed, and called out the best forces on both sides. During the evening a young boy, who had been a constant member, replied to Deacon Rigby upon this question. The deacon was for hanging. The boy opposed. Said the deacon, quoting from the Mosaic law: "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man his blood shall be shed." Thinking this to be a bombshell to his opponents, he dwelt upon it till his time expired, when the boy sprang to his feet and said:

"Supposing we take the law which the gentleman has quoted, and which in a philosophical sense has been abrogated as null and void since the birth of our Saviour, and see what the logical deduction would come to. For example, one man kills another, another man kills him and so on until we come to the last man on earth. Who's going to kill him? He dare not suicide, for that same law forbids it. Now deacon," said the boy, "what are you going to do with last man?"

The boy's logic called out rounds of applause and vanquished the deacon. The boy is now Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, Melville W. Fuller.

SINGLE TAX VS. PROHIBITION.

An Interesting Exposition of the Two Parties' Principles.

Indianapolis Sentinel.

A rather novel meeting was that last night of the Single Tax League in connection with the Prohibition league, in the hall occupied by the latter in the When block. The prohibitionists had invited their single tax brethren to a friendly joint discussion of the issues, aims and principles of the two organizations—with the faint hope, perhaps, that they might discover a tangible bond which would lead to their union. While the meeting was most harmonious and the debates free from bad humor, it became evident that the views of the members of the leagues ran in divergent channels, and that there was little possibility of a union. There were about 100 persons in attendance at the meeting and they were pretty evenly divided between the two societies.

Mr. L. P. Custer, of the tax league, presided. It was decided to allow one speaker from each side to occupy thirty minutes and that the remainder of the time should be spent in a general discussion. The tax leaguers were assigned to open the discussion, their speaker being Mr. Thomas J. Hudson. He stated his opinion that the temperance movement was wholly a moral one and not one that affected the people in dollars and cents. He further said that he regarded intemperance as an effect and not a cause. The cause of this and other evils existing to-day was much farther back. He then proceeded to outline the pet theories entertained by the single tax followers—the central one of which was that all land should be taxed according to its actual value for use. He wanted to contradict the statement sometimes made that if the single tax theory was carried into effect farming land might be taxed $10 per acre. The reason it would not be was because farming land was not very valuable. If farming land was to be taxed $10 an acre under the single-tax theory there was one acre of land in New York City which would be taxed $130,680. Another instance of this law was the fact that there were seven acres in the city of London that were of value equal to three states such as Indiana. Mr. Hudson impressed upon his auditors the fact that it was population which gave value to land. Referring to the temperance question, again he said he thought it of much less importance to workingmen than the land question. Workingmen who were injured by intemperance were generally driven to drink by poverty. "You can," he said, "trace the downfall of no civilization to intoxicating liquors, but you can trace the downfall of two or three to the abuse of private ownership in land."

Mr. J. B. Jaques spoke in behalf of the prohibitionists. He thought that Mr. Hudson's idea that the prohibitionist question was one of morals was entirely erroneous. In a financial sense alone it was, he said, the most important question before the people. Secretary of the Treasury Windom, had once said that the prohibition question, as one simply of political economy, was he most important before the country. The speaker then recited the argumente popular with the prohibition speakers, pertaining to the injury done the community and country, in a material way alone, by the wide use of alcohol. He attributed all wretchedness and poverty to it. Referring to Mr. Hudson's statement that alcohol had never caused the downfall of a nation, he said the gentleman must have forgotton the history of Babylon. He also thought the ques- of prison contract labor would almost disappear if prohibition should prevail, as that would result in a depopulation of the penitentiaries.

Josh Billings' Philosophy.

N. Y. Weekly.

Everyboddy luvs tew feel that the are ov sum importance in this world, even a pauper looks forward to the day ov hiz phuneral az the time that he has got to be notissed.

There iz menny a person who ken set a mouse trap tew perfeckshun, but, not satisfied with sich small game, they undertake tew trap for bears, and get ketched by the bears. Moral: Studdy yure genius and stick tew mice.

Mi friend haz got hiz phailings, and that iz one thing that makes me like him so mutch.

Men who invade the province ov wimmin are alwus jeered at; and how kan wimmin, when they invade the province ov men, expeckt two eskape the same kind ov treatment.

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June 3, 4-Paw and the "Wild West."

"If novelties are what circus-goers want, then the big audience that attended the performance of the Forepaugh-Wild West combination last night must have been fully satisfied. Never before were so many new, brilliant and startling acts presented at a tented exhibition in this city.—BOSTON HERALD.

The Combined Forepaugh and Wild West Shows, THREE TIMES The Greatest on Earth.

Will Exhibit in all their Stupendous and Unabridged Entirety, with every Act and Feature Retained, and presenting the Same Remarkable Programme that carried New York, Philadelphia and Boston by Storm, at

INDIANAPOLIS, MONDAY, JUNE 3

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Triumphal Re-Entry into Indianapolis of the Greatest Possible Tented Combination in the Universe—the Grand, Imperial, Laurel-crowned

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With its quarter of a Century of Glorious History, Progressive Ideas, Unbounded Ambition, Limitless Capital, Vast and Varied Arenic, Zoological and Hippodromatic Resources, and now magnificently Reinforced with the Renowned; Romantic and Realistic

"Wild West" Exhibition!

Wondrously Sensational Production of the Historical Military Drama.

Custer's Last Rally; —OR, THE— BATTLE OF THE LITTLE BIG HORN.

200 MOUNTED COMBATANTS, GENUINE SAVAGES, SCOUTS AND SOLDIERS! Including the Gallant Survivors of Custers old Regiment—Among whom are Sergeant Wagner, who carried Custer's orders to Major Reno on the ill-starred field, appear in this soul-stirring and grandly ennobling frontier drama! **All the Exciting Feats and Features of the Weird and Wonderful Wild West,** including the

Grand Drama of Civilization!

Vividly illustrating the Sports, Perils and Romance of the Prairies, and interpreted by Frontier Heroes who have spent their lives amid the scenes they now re-enact

Triumphantly Reinforced with the one Towering, Kingly Figure of Western Romance, **DR. WILLIAM F. CARVER,** the noted Ex-chief of Government Scouts, and dead shot of the plains

Realistic Portrayals of an Emigrant Train Crossing the Plains—The Robbery of the Overland Mail—The Atrocious Mountain Meadow Massacre—Fort Life in the Far West—Bucking Horses and Steers, a Virginia Reel on Horseback Indian fights, Raids and Rescues—all exhibited for the first time in this city under acres of canvas, in combination with the Great Forepaugh Show!—Superb 3-Ring Circus, with its unparalleled centralization of the World's Foremost Exponents of Acrobatic, Gymnic and Equestrian arts—Special Engagement of the Three Gymnastic Eugenes (late of Paris Hippodrome), the Undisputed Autocrats of the air—Greatest Zoological Display Ever Seen in a Christian Land. Monster Museum—Huge theatre Stage—Roman-Grecian Hippodrome, with its 60 Thoroughbred Flyers—Marvelously Trained Wild Beasts—Donald McPherson's Troupe of Scotch Athletes, Boxers, Wrestlers, Runners, Vaulters, Heavy-Weight Lifters and Broadsword Combatants.—The Rope-Walking Blondin Horse—"Eclipse," the Trapeze-Leaping Equine; together with all of Adam Forepaugh, Jr's, Astounding Sensations, including his Dancing, Fighting and Clown Elephants, and thrilling 30-Horse Riding Act!—Altogether the Grandest Equestrian Triumph of the Age!

☞ The Grand and Gorgeous Dress Parade of of the combined Forepaugh and Wild West" Shows takes place at 9:30 A. M. Daily, unfolding to the Public View, free as air to everybody, all the dazzling, sensational, unique, picturesque, historical and sumptuous processional resources of the Monster Dual-Aggregation!

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Two complete exhibitions daily. Doors open at 1 and 7 p m daily—the ring performance given under the artistic direction of Mr, Adam Forepaugh' Jr, commencing an hour later,

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For the accommodation of those who would avoid the crowds at the ticket wagon on the ground, tickets and reserved seats can be obtained at

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At the usual slight advance,

☞ Most extensive and Elaborate Railroad Equipment of any show in the World, 52 Double sized cars being required to transport the Great Combination,

Rogers & Colby's Big Free Balloon Show

SPECIAL—Mr, Foreraugh has tendered Professors Rogers, and Colby, the celebrated balloonists and Parachute Jumpers, now representing the English Aeronautieal Soriety, the use of his exhibition ground in this city for their Great Free Balloon Tournament, which will take place immediately after the close of the afternoon performance of the Fourpaugh-Wild West Combination,

MONDAY, JUNE 3.

The features of this novel aeronautical display will be the ascention of the Colossal Air-Ship, "Vesta," and Professor Colby's Daring and Death-Defying Jump from a Sky-Soaring Balloon at the awful alitude of 4,000 feet, regulating h fearful downward dive with only a Punn Parachute, Jumping from the Brooklyn Bridg or drifting down the whirlpool at the Falls o Niagara appear like the sports of little children in comparison with this

Dreadful Drop from Heavens Lofty Dome!

COMPENSATION.

A Story of Success and Misfortune.

Every phase of life has its compensation, and this compensation doesn't come to us second hand. It comes direct from the Living Fountain. The neighbors say, "Poor Mrs. Prim! How desolate her home! Her husband dead, and her children all married!"

The neighbors don't see the compensation. The quiet of my home is my blessing. It permits me to enter the living realm of thought and there a harmony, a peace greet me, that the busy, bustling home can not comprehend. Every person has his own heaven within himself, and he has, also, his own hell, but he may not know it. The joys and the pleasures, the cares and the necessities of the external world close the doors to the internal, and in a certain sense induce blindness. The eye can then see only in the realm of effect, and here, in the jostling hurry, if a moment is spared for thought, change is found to be the only reliable certainty. To-day is constantly giving way for trouble, and trouble comes from the unknown depths of the future. The serene quiet of my home permits me a view of the living world of cause. Substantiality and permanency are there, with no death, no decay, but growth and development; and these constantly enlarge the horizon, and afford never ending variety of beauty to the eye.

My home is not desolate. 'Tis upheld by rainbow arches—'tis canopied with innumerable glittering stars—'tis carpeted with flowers and every passing zephyr is an Æolian harp. The flying bat and the creeping mole, in their blindness, can't see it. But I can see the Creator there, from whom all things that are exist. He alone is substantial and unchangeable. He is love and wisdom in constant activity, and hence proceeds the perpetual creation of the whole universe of worlds. The over busy external mind can't grasp the idea; it sees only in time and space—and space has its narrow limit, and time is only another name for change. The internal mind, with swiftest wings, soars above space and takes no note of time. It sees in death only the tumbling down of a scaffolding that held the living man in this world of shams, and 'tis a blessed privilege if the entire scaffolding gives way at the same time—when the man gains an immense compensation. The creeping worm becomes a soaring butterfly. The bird inside the shell has burst its prison walls, and finds its native element. Sometimes the scaffolding gives way gradually—only a part of the underpinning loses its hold.

Sampson Speed is an apt illustration of this. The neighbors now, very appropriately, called him Sampson Halt. A power over which he had no control made him suddenly halt in his intoxicated pursuit after "filthy lucre," and "filthy" only when made so by the hand that grasps it.

'Twas in Maine, on the banks of the Kenebec river, that Sampson Speed first saw the light of this embryo world. His parents were poor, and when he was but a boy he resolved to do something to help them. On a small patch of their garden he raised some small corn good for popping. One morning while pulling of the husks he said to himself, "I might make a few cents selling popcorn. I'll try it."

He was an active, energetic boy, and whatever he did was done with a will. He started with two baskets of popcorn, and walked through all the principal streets of Edgetown, calling at every house. The business was a success—he reached home at night unconscious of fatigue or hunger. His small coin, counted up, made him feel himself a millionaire. He was a happy boy when he put into his mother's hand one dollar and twenty-five cents, saying, "Now that I've entered business, you needn't take in any more washing."

He soon added to the popcorn business hullcorn. Now he hired a horse and wagon of one of his neighbors, and rode through different villages. His business grew. He employed a younger brother on shares. He got heaps, of money, and bought the small house his mother lived in for her comfort, but had the deed written in his own name. The desire to aid his widowed mother in her struggle with poverty was the motive that prompted him to travel all day barefoot, through the streets of Edgetown selling popcorn. His success was gradually changing the motive power. He was beginning to feel a pleasure in possession, but a greater pleasure in acquisition. When he was twenty-one years old he left his childhood home, hired a stand in a large city, with the determined will to become a rich man. He had now gained a small capital. After covering his stand with fruit and confectionery and placing his youngest brother in charge of it, he bought a horse and wagon and drove through the streets with a flying flag that said in large red letters, "Hullcorn, steaming hot."

The city people soon learned the hour when Sam Speed's wagon would be around. His maxim was "on time"—he could be trusted—and Biddy knew if she went to the door with a measure in her hand for a quart or more of the steaming corn, Sammy would be there. He had a deal of tact that he turned to advantage. He solicited orders to any part of the city, and soon did a large express business. Another horse and wagon was bought—and an elder brother engaged to assist him. His success was working a change in him. He was forgetting his early home and his mother; seldom found time to write her a letter; didn't know how she was getting along—whether she was taking in washing or not. He remembered she was living in his house and he didn't charge her any rent. He thought the thero boys ought to do something for her, and he guessed they did. His business pressed him. He was all the time in a hurry. He was fast forgetting the pretty "girl he left behind him." The greed of gain had taken possession of the heart he gave her in the purity and freshness of youth, and she was fading from his memory.

Sampson Speed was in an intoxicating whirlpool of worldly success—he was on the swift rolling wheel without a breaker. The sound of the spade digging gold in California reached his quick ear, and he was off in a twinkling. Luck followed him. Luck is a name given to smartness, and smartness means far-seeing prudence, energy and clenching the hoe handle when you get a hold of it. And luck was sure to follow Sam Speed. He scented rich mines. He was the best digger in the country, and by-and-by he had so much of the shining dust he had to leave the digging to take care of it. He invested money in lands and railroads—built hotels and lodging houses.

There were scores of men scrambling alongside of him. They jostled each other a good deal, and sometimes one would get knocked down. But Speed was a twin of Luck, and always kept his feet strong. When earthquakes shook California, he remembered the old adage, "Don't put your eggs all into one basket." So he picked up a part of his golden dust and started for an investment in New York. The carwheels rolled along safely till he reached the State of Pennsylvania. He was in the express train. The whistle sounded, the engine puffed, and they rattled on with a dash and a hurry satisfying to his restless spirit. He turned to the man sitting near him and said, "This is fine traveling—I like it." The next moment the train was on a long bridge. The timbers cracked, the bridge groaned, and all, engine, cars and passengers were precipitated thirty feet into the ravine below. 'Twas a terrible disaster. The scaffolding that supported some of the men in this mundane world was entirely thrown down, and it was done so quickly and so completely there was no conscious suffering.

But Sampson Speed only lost the two supporters of the main building with one arm. He was taken out from under some burning debris with his legs crushed and one arm burnt to a crisp. Amputation was necessary. A physician attended him three weeks during a distresing insanity. The sudden pause to such an impetuous spirit was a shock that overpowered all pain. He raved of broken stocks, of trustless banks, bullet shots and thieves. He was like one in delirium tremens. He had been intoxicated with success in his thirst for absorption. When a big fish swallow too many little fish, they are sure to feel a trembling and shaking in their bones.

When Sam. Speed opened his eyes from his first natural sleep he seemed half conscious, but completely bewildered. His sister was sitting beside his bed—he did not recognize her, but staring about the room he said, "Where are we! And what is this halt for in the train?" 'Twas some days before he could comprehend what had happened. He could not be made to believe he had lost both of his legs and one arm until he repeatedly tried to use them. He experienced the same sensation that many others have expressed on losing a limb. They have no consciousness that it is gone until they try to use it in the material world. This teaches us that the limb itself is not gone—'tis only the outside scaffolding they miss.

Sampson Speed had leisure to think now, and he did think. He wasn't all burnt out. There was some humanity left in him. He felt a great pain shooting through his heart when he learned his mother was blind, and the neighbors said she had cried her eyes out because all her boys had left her, and she was hardly able to stand on her feet. He felt another pain when he heard his two sisters went out to work, and his two brothers were working on Government land in a new country with a one horse wagon and a wheelborrow. And when he learned that the pretty "girl he left behind him" wasn't married, but was nurse in a hospital, he greaned aloud. For many days he lay very quiet upon the bed. He appeared to the bystanders to be sleeping. They did not understand he was hard at work, in the world of thought, and the work he was doing there he must do alone. His million of money couldn't hire a man to do it for him, and his money couldn't wash away the folly of his past life. It couldn't restore eyes to the mother he had once fondly loved. It couldn't build up the handy scaffolding that had borne him about the world with so much comfort and ease.

His sister heard him frequently sigh and moan, as she thought, in his sleep. But it was little sleep the poor man found. He was never so thoroughly awake as now. He was living in an agony of self reproach and heart regrets. He said to his sister one morning. "Have patience with me—'twill take me a long time to become acquainted with my new self. I am no longer Sam. Speed—I am somebody else. There is a power above me that I must study and understand. For some wise purpose it was permitted me to become a cripple in this material world. One would think to see me that I was only half a man now. But I am just waking up to see what true manhood is. If I can live without my legs and with only one arm, I could live without the remmainder of this body of flesh and bones."

After many weeks of thinking and planning this man, with part of his scaffolding broken down, came to dwell in our quiet village. The winters of Maine were too severe for him to live there. For some ten years he has been my neighbor. I often meet him in his beautiful garden of fruit and flowers. He stands as tall as a boy of twelve years growth, and walks about on his short stumps with the help of a short cane. In his home are his two sisters and his blind mother. And the pretty "girl he left behind" was easily persuaded to leave the hospital and join him. Parson Dim got a tremendous marriage fee, and four orphan children have found pleasant homes. He keeps gentle horses and an easy, hospitable carriage. The poor people and all the invalids of our village have generous rides whenever they desire. There is always an abundance of sweet cream and fresh eggs in his pantry.

"These things are for you and you," he says to the neighbors; "do not let them spoil."

The natural heart looks upon Sampson Speed with an eye of pity. It sees only a cripple. The spiritual mind sees the full man, and it sees it developing into a God-like form. It measures the inconvenience of a broken scaffolding in his world—then it measures the compensation gained in the substantial spiritual world. The sum total is as one to a million. Tha dashing Sampson Speed has made his halt on a height where no timbers creak and fall.

A SMASH AT PANAMA.

The unfortunate consequences of the Panama canal smash are becoming more marked every day, says a dispatch, and the deplorable condition of affairs has but one outlet, and that by emigration. The commissioner sent by the Jamaican government has already sent away 4,000 people, and he has issued 3,000 tickets more, and these will leave by earliest steamers. The people are congregated at the different depots with their tickets in their hands, but without food, and almost without shelter, and a tropical wet season is in its full energy. After all the distressed foreigners shall have been removed, there will still be much suffering and want here—suffering and want of a character which cannot be even ameliorated until the resumption of work in January next shall have put money in circulation and inspired confidence. In Colon prices havs fallen lower than anywhere else on the Isthmus. Many houses are without tenants. A store for which $200 per month could readily have been obtained a few months ago is offered at $30 and "no takers."

To illustrate the awful poverty reigning here, a clergyman of Colon says that on Sunday last the collection of a congregation of 300 persons was less than $3. The canal company sold in this city on May 13 a cable transfer on Paris for $20,000 at the rate of $53\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. premium. This fact furnishes at least a quotation for exchange. When the City of Para leaves Colon there will be no steamer in that port, a circumstance almost unparalleled in the history of the port since it was first visited by steamers and became known by the name of Aspinwall.

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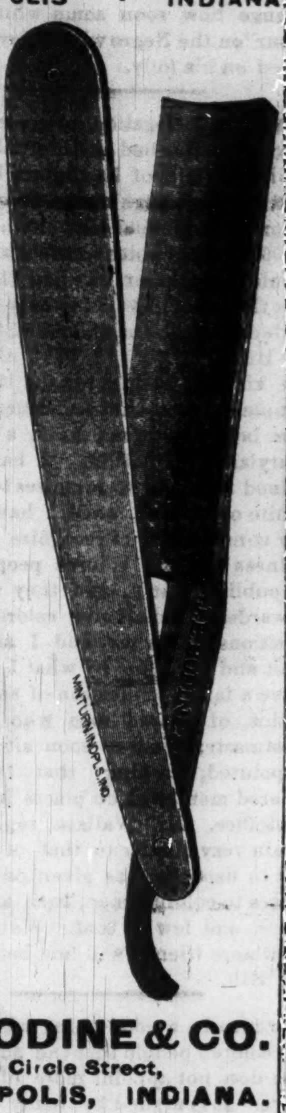

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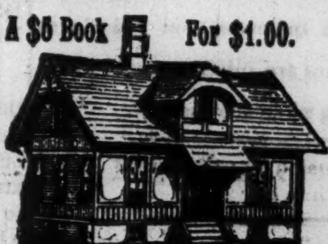

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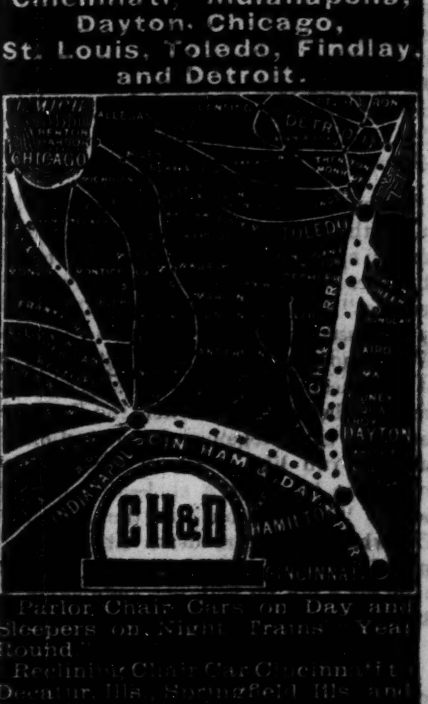

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Mr. Green A. Stephens is now traveling through the State of Mississippi in the interests of The Freeman and any favors shown him will be appreciated by the publisher. His work at Natchez and Jackson indicates that the Negro in those cities are intelligent and know a good thing when they see it.

The excursion fiend is abroad in the land—head him off.

The colored press should not go into ecstacies over the two appointments which the President has given to colored men. The colored vote elected Mr. Harrison, and he has done little up to date to show his appreciation of the same.

The next issue of The Freeman will abound in good things. Aside from its usual cartoons and illustrations, it will contain a few special articles handsomely illustrated. No copies will be sent to agents who are in arrears nor to subscribers whose subscriptions have expired.

We are preparing a black list of those who owe us for papers and work done, and unless an early settlement is made their names will be published. This may seem a little out of the ordinary channels of business, but something must be done to make people pay their honest debts.

Mississippi leads in the number of appointments with Indiana a close second. If we are to judge from the tone of the colored press, the Negro is satisfied with what he can get, be that little or much. In this regard the black Republicans differ with the whites. They seem to want the earth.

There was no question raised during the late campaign as to offending the Bourbons of the South. Why then should it act as a nightmare now in the Republican camp? In his endeavor to cater to the people of the South, Mr. Harrison will but repeat the mistakes made by Johnson and Hayes.

At Lafouche Crossing, La., recently during devotional exercises at the St. Paul Baptist church a number of shots were fired into the church building by a gang of white toughs. The congregation did nothing, but prayed the harder we suppose. Had a gang of Negro toughs attacked a white church in the same way, they would have been caught and strung up by the men in the congregation without judge or jury. Our pharmacopia is more pluck and moral courage on the part of the Negro. The Lord helps those who help themselves.

There is a new class of leaders coming to the surface and they are beginning to speak in no uncertain tone for the race. Never before were the "race troubles" South, so fully and intelligently discussed by colored men as of late. We are now beginning to see both sides of the question and facts are superseding speculation. Now when the Negro learns to band together for protection and not run like a lot of cowards—everytime he hears a shot—there will be less "race trouble" in the South. The white man fears death like other mortals and when his "passtime" costs a life for a life he will not indulge in it so frequently. Mark that.

When the Negro was supporting him in politics, and electing him to office, and filling his coffers with gold, there was no class equal to him, but now that the tables have turned, here is what that basest of ingrates, ex-Gov. Alcorn, of Mississippi, says: "The Negro is not a white man with a black skin. He is a different race. He is a barbarian, and barbarians cannot rule civilized people. His head is covered with wool. He is a sheep. The white man has straight hair like the lion. The Negro is an infant. He has the flat nose, the retreating chin, the protruding lips of an infant. It will take centuries of development to thoroughly fit him for civilization. It is a racial difference and the strong race will rule." It is remarkably strange how soon some white people "sour" on the Negro when they have fattened on his folly.

A large delegation of representative colored men called on Internal Revenue Collector Hill, of Baltimore, last week asking for recognition. They said the colored people had cast one-half of the 98,000 colored votes in the State. They would not ask for one-half the offices, but they thought that twenty under the collector would be about right. Collector Hill replied: "I have always had the kindest feelings toward the colored people. I could not feel otherwise, as I was born and raised upon a Southern Maryland plantation. I have determined to make no promises to any one, white or colored, until I have reached my conclusions. I recognize the faithfulness of the colored people to the Republican party, and they should be rewarded. I shall give colored people positions under me, and I ask you to wait and judge me by what I do." We have a faint recollection of such a delegation of colored men who called on Postmaster Wallace soon after he was appointed, asking that twenty-five colored men be given places in the local postoffice. Mr. Wallace replied in a strain very similar to that of Mr. Hill, but to date he has given only menial places to colored men, such as janitorships, and few at that. We trust our Baltimore friends will fair better under Mr. Hill.

It may be a good thing after all for the colored people that the administration does not appoint more of them to office. It is argued by many that we are too prone to politics and too adverse to entering other fields of labor, that while we have developed many politicians, we have done comparatively nothing in the trades and industries. That this is true must go without the saying. The Negro represents nearly nothing in the business world and even now he is making but little headway in that direction. He is the "hewer of wood" and the "drawer of water." He is the servant always—seldom the proprietor. White men furnish him everything and refuse to employ "colored help" to sell or deliver it. As we said in the beginning it might be better for the Negro if the administration would force him to turn his attention from politics to business. It would not only destroy his idolatry for the republican party but would compel him to study the issues—to study men and measures like all other citizens. It would put him to thinking (a thing which many have not done) and to looking after his own interests a little more. When colored men lay aside partisan feelings—when they cease to vote for issues that were settled twenty-five years ago; when they study platforms and principles, when they lead themselves instead of being led by wily politicians, when they have more tax payers than politicians, more wage-workers than leaders, their influence will be greater and their citizenship will mean more. This is our desideratum. It must be admitted that the different religious denominations have dono more for the Negro in five years than the politicians have done in twenty-five. For the churches include the whole people, and not one-half or a fraction of them. Just so should every political organization be interested in the Negro in some way. When these things are brought about, when every religious demonination is interested, when all political parties are seeking him, when the trades and industries cater for his patronage, he is bound to rise. Meantime let the Negro read more newspapers, and especially those published by Negroes.

THE KANSAS CITY NEWS.

Kansas City, Missouri, special.

Twenty-five years ago a freeman was worth thousands of dollars. Now you can buy one for 5 cents at 1207 East Eighteenth street. Hurrah for Gov. Humphreys! Topeka was excited as she never was before when the Alabama authorities secured a warrant for the arrest of J. W. Allen, for an offense committed there seven years ago. The citizens went wild and swore they should not take him and they did not. Mr. Allen with five lawyers, one being Judge W. A. Price, of the firm of Wales, Price, Thomas & Co., a prominent law firm of color, proceeded to secure and present to Gov. Humphrey a writ of habeas corpus, which was accepted and Mr. Allen released. This is one time the black man beat the white man, but he was in the North when he did it. Tallie one for Kansas. Frank Maupin, catcher of the Maroons base ball club, will leave soon to join the Colorado League. The only milk shake stand owned by a colored man in Kansas City is at 1207 East Eighteenth street. Call and try one. Bradford & Hogg is a new grocery firm at 602 East Nineteenth street. They start out with a large stock of staple groceries and a delivery wagon. Both are from Topeka, Kan. The Freeman on sale at The Freeman cigar store, and Hayes & Young's barber shop.

HARDY.

THE FREEMAN PANORAMA. By One of the Staff.

The contributor to this panorama minimizes his matter this week owing to a slight indisposition, and a suppressed hint of the editor. We wish to state, however, that the cartoons which appears in this issue of The Freeman is a masterpiece, showing, as it does, the attitude of the Federal government toward the Negro. With the whole machinery of government, both houses of Congress, the army and navy, a full treasury, the judiciary and the President with all his U. S. marshals, the Negro does t receive protection.

The Negro has been waiting patiently these many years for assistance from the government which helped to maintain, and be protected from the many insults and indignities heaped upon him by the lowest class of mankind. But, as yet, the long looked for aid seems to be very slow in coming. The fact is, he has waited too long, and has been relying upon everyone else but himself.

"The Lord helps those who help themselves," and if we would be protected we must make an effort to protect ourselves.

A government that turns a deaf ear to our cries of distress and helplessness in time of need, and gives consent by its silence to wrongs being done us, is no government at all, and a party that doesn't know or see you only about election time, is not the party for you. Entrances to the various avenues of trades and professions are closed against the sable sons and daughters of America. Let us endeavor to force them open, or open up new ones. We must do less grumbling and more work.

The kind of government we want and must have is one that will show no partiality to any class or race of people: one that will govern its subjects in a way that will care for the good of all; one that will stretch out its hand to the unfortunate and downtrodden, and endeavor to educate and elevate them; one that will put down all evil practices that tend to destroy or degrade. In short, one that will protect every one alike, and promote the general welfare of all, within its jurisdiction.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF REV MATTHEW ANDERSON.

Rev. Matthew Anderson, pastor of Berean Presbyterian Church, was born in Franklin county, near Greencastle, Pa., January 25, 1845. He was brought up on his father's farm, and from the age of fifteen to eighteen years did all the work of the farm. In his nineteenth year he went to school at Iberia, Ohio, where he remained three years. He then went to Oberlin, Ohio, and spent two years in the preparatory department of Oberlin College, entering the college with the class of '72. He spent one term in the Freshman class, but not having sufficient funds to go on, he foll out and went South and taught school two years. He then, at the expiration of that time returned to Oberlin and graduated with the class of '74. In

J. W. ANDERSON,
Of Pittsburg, Pa.

1877 he received the degree of master of arts from his college. He then entered the Theological Seminary of Princeton, N. J., where he graduated with the class of '77, he being the only colored member in his class. He then spent several months writing for the American Missionary Association of New York City, after which he traveled as their field agent, soliciting funds for the Mendi Mission, West Africa. He was then called to supply the Temple Street Congregational Church, New Haven, Conn. He entered upon his duties in this church on the 14th of October, 1877. He supplied this church for two years. At the same time he matriculated in the theological department of Yale College as a post graduate student. He resigned his relations with the Temple Street Church to enter upon mission work, intending to go South. When passing through Philadelphia his attention was called to the Gloucester Presbyterian Mission, and after earnest persuasion, he was induced to enter upon the work there, taking charge on the 14th of October, 1879, where, from all appearances, a bright future lies before him.

Mr. Anderson is held in honorable esteem by the members of his Presbytery, as is evidenced by the fact that he was chosen as a delegate to represent it in the Synet; was also Moderator of the same body for three months, and is now the chairman of the committee on freedmen.

Peoria will have two Negro letter carriers and one man in the revenue office.

The colored citizens of Springfield, O., have begun to clamor for recognition.

Mrs. Hester Williams, of Baton Rouge has been appointed president of the W. C. T. U. in Louisiana.

The exhibition held at Philadelphia recently by the colored people was a failure in point of exhibits.

Mr. Perry W. Frisby, a colored man of Atlantic City, N. J., is succeeding in the insurance and commission business.

Mrs. Washington, wife of Prof. B. T. Washington, principal of the Tuskegee schools in La., died last week.

E. H. Wright, of Chicago, has been appointed to a clerkship in the office of Secretary of State at Springfield, Ill.

E. 3. Gilmore, a man of some prominence, has been appointed Secretary of the Board of Election by Gov. Foraker.

Capt. E. E. Huddleston, of the 1st. Kansas colored regiment has been appointed weigh master at the penitentiary at Jefferson City, Mo.

Hon. Geo. C. Smith, of Kansas City, Mo., has been appointed a special agent in the General Land Office at a salary of $1,500 per annum, and $3 per day for expenses.

Henry L. Bailey, a student at Harvard Colege, is a member of the Harvard Classical Club, an honor which can only be attained by those well versed in the classics.

Of the 2,491 white voters registered in Iberia parish in Louisiana, only 1,283 had to make a cross in lieu of signing their names, and yet there are people giving money for missionary purposes for Africa and other places.

According to the Gate City Press, Hon. John R. Lynch will have the appointment of a deputy, three chiefs of division and forty-one clerks, two messengers and two laborers with salaries ranging from $660 to $2,250.

The Knights of St. John of Washington, D. C., know no color line, and is therefore a mixed organization. The following well-known colored citizens are members of the committee of arrangements: Knights of St. Augustine—J. H. Fletcher, L. J. Herbert, Jos. Davis, G. Coakley and M. Z. Booth.

The mayor of Covington, Tenn., headed a posse of ten men who went to arrest Henry Donaldson, a colored man accused of raping a white woman. Donaldson stuck his gun though the door and shot, killing the mayor instantly. The rest of the men fled and Donaldson made his escape: A few Henry Donaldsons in Louisiana would soon put a stop to those brave (?) "regulators."

Mrs. Mary Jenkins, wife of a Pullman car porter, living in New York, got jealous of a white servant girl in her employ last Saturday night, and fired four shots at her without hitting her. We would suggest that Chinese or Indisns be employed hereafter. White trash is no good.

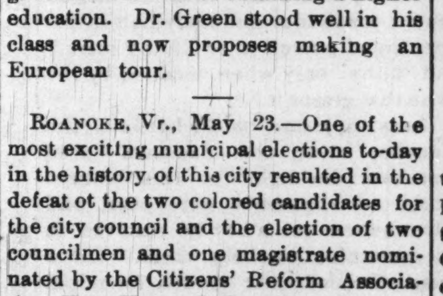
Charlotte Mosley, of Louisville, Ky., is perhaps the largest woman in the city. It is claimed that she weighs about 500 pounds. As she is quite old and unable to help herself, she was removed to the city hospital and the stairs had to be supported before carrying her upon them.

Among the first to secure a lot at Oklahoma was a colored man, who gave the name of Abel Washington. He is 62 years of age, was born on a plantation in Louisiana, and was a slave up to the time of the war. His lot would sell today for $750 easily. The dispatches do not state whether he was one of Washington's body servants or not.

Mr. Frank Winn, an inventor of Dallas, Texas, is now in Kansas City, Mo., showing a new faucet for liquors which works with a slide and spring. An offer of $150 by the Anheuser-Busch company has been declined. Mr. Winn has already taken out patents for several inventions, but owing to his lack of the necessary means to develop them the larger share of the profit has gone to the white men.

Wm. Cromwell Green, who took the degree of M. D. at the last commencement of the University of Pennsylvania, and who is also a graduate of Lincoln University, was head bellman of a Cape May hotel six years ago. He says that the substantial amount of his tips first gave him the idea of obtaining a higher education. Dr. Green stood well in his class and now proposes making an European tour.

Roanoke, Va., May 23.—One of the most exciting municipal elections to-day in the history of this city resulted in the defeat of the two colored candidates for the city council and the election of two councilmen and one magistrate nominated by the Citizens' Reform Association, Hon. Henry E. Trout being one of them. E. R. Woodward, the only outgoing councilman offering for re-election, received the solid colored vote in his ward, and the largest vote cast for any one candidate. It was not a party fight except by the colored men.



Mme. Selika is still in the South, Last week she appeared to good houses in Alabama.

Miss Mary E. Harper, elocutionist, heads the William Jay Jubilee Literary Musical Troupe, who are travelling in the interest of the Rankin-Richards Institute at Windsor, N. C. The New England Press speak in glowing terms of the troupe.

Charles Crueso, of New York, commonly called "judge," contemplates taking out a colored minstrel show next season.

Miss Ella B. Spencer, authoress, actress and reader, has lately returned to New York from a reading tour, and is now negotiating with B. F. Lightfoot.

"Laugh and the world laughs with you, weep and you weep alone," When without the "almighty dollar" there is trouble to get it, and who should know it better than the artist.

When an artist is making money they should learn to take care of it, and then when they are out of work, with a little energy and money they can devise methods to make a dollar.

Richards and Pringles, colored Georgia minstrels, headed by the famous Billy Kersands closed their season last Saturday night, in Chicago. Colored talent in all lines of the business are wanted for next season.

Blind Tom is now traveling in the West, playing to fair sized houses. Blind Tom is a success of the past. Mrs. Bethune has made comparatively little money off of him in two seasons and he has made less.

Fanny Davenport, who was divorced from E. Price some months ago, was married to her leading man, W. Melbourne McDowell, in New York City on the 19th of May. McDowell is also a divorced man. Is marriage a failure?

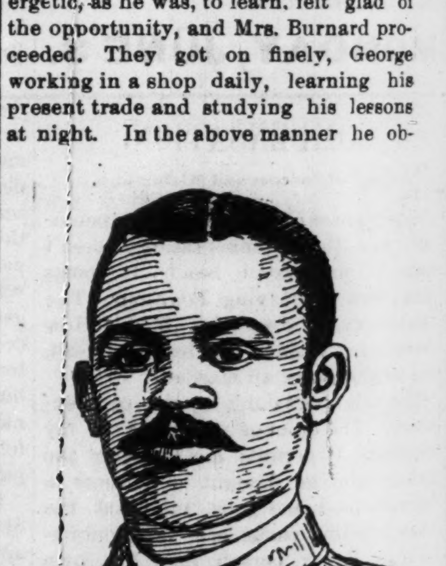
When white men manage colored companies, or even artists, the colored people get the glory and the white men the money, and yet colored artists will work for a smaller salary, will do more work, take more abuse, and be more prompt than with colored managers.

It fills our hearts with animation to notice first class colored artists appearing in concert with first class white artists and Boston is the place to see it. The Fraternal Association always make it a business in their concerts to mix the talent.

TRAGE.

GEO. E. TRUEHEART, ENGINEER AND MACHINEST.

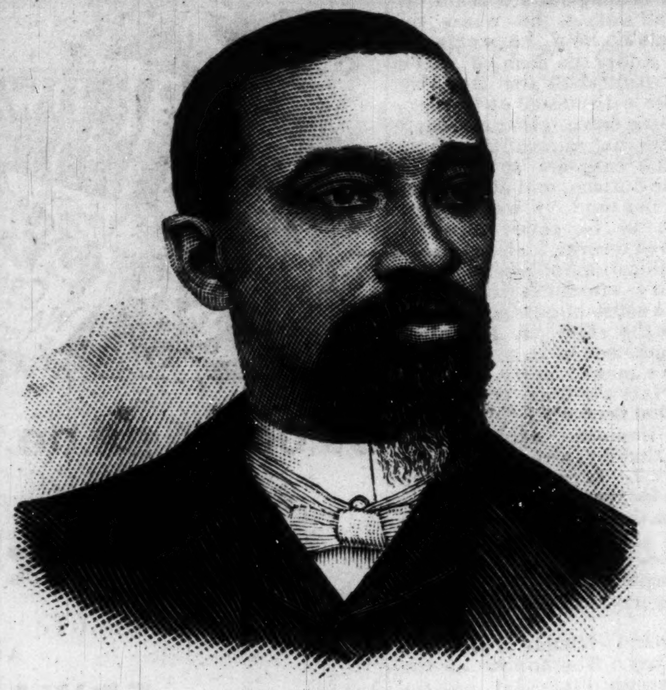
George Edward Trueheart was born of slave parents in the State of Virginia, in the year 1859, emigrated to Tennessee September same year. His father, Spencer Trueheart, died in 1868 and left him quite a boy, and therefore he was bereaved of the opportunities of an education in his boyhood days. But his mother struggled with him, wanting her only son to occupy some prominent position. She arranged with Mrs. Burnard, of Memphis, to instruct her boy during spare hours. Little George energetic, as he was, to learn, felt glad of the opportunity, and Mrs. Burnard proceeded. They got on finely, George working in a shop daily, learning his present trade and studying his lessons at night. In the above manner he ob-



GEO. E. TRUEHEART,
Of Greenville, Miss.

tained a fair idea of books and finished his trade, after which he began work in the employ of J. W. Corhn, Memphis Oil Works, which position he served eight years. In the meantime he was four times offered papers of recommendation, but knowing himself competent would not accept. He found he could get higher wages and in the spring of 1887 began work for H. A. Mullally, Planters Oil Works, Greenville, Miss., and after two months was offered letters of commendation by him, but knowing himself, as previous, would not accept After which he was made manager of the above mill, his present position, in which he gives the best of satisfaction as a finished machinest. Mr. George B. Alexander, President of the mill, says: "In my estimation of Trueheart, he certainly knows his business and is as fine a machinest and manager as I ever saw or heard of. He refines all of our oil ready for use as soon as prepared for shipment. In fact, he is second to none and cannot be excelled.

Mr. Trueheart is prized as one of our best citizens and an ornament to his race—takes prominent parts in our literary meetings, etc., is a fine talker, a Christian, being a member of the Congregational church, Memphis. He has a wife and is blessed with one boy.



REV. JOSEPH H. MORGAN,
Of Philadelphia, Pa.

REV. MATTHEWS ANDERSON,
Of Philadelphia, Pa.

Berean Presbyterian Church and Parsonage, Philadelphia, Pa. Rev. M. Anderson, Pastor.

REV. J. H. MORGAN.

Sketch of the Life of a Philadelphia Boy.

J. H. Morgan was born in Philadelphia, Pa., November 15, 1843. His mother died in 1856. After her death he was adopted in the family of James T. Robinson, of Philadelphia, but becoming dissatisfied at some fancied slight, he left without authority and commenced making his way in life by selling pies and cakes; next a cabin boy on the Thomas A. Morgan, now the John A. Warner, making his home in Bristol, Pa. He went to the war as a servant in the First Regiment, N. J. Vol., six month's men and N. Y. cavalry. There he embraced religion in 1866, under Rev. Samuel David (a supply) Rev. Henry Davis, Elder. On February 14, 1867, he married Miss Anna Elizabeth Fry, and was licensed to exhort October 12, 1867, by Rev. Edward Laws, then pastor, Rev. D. P. Seaton having the oversight. He received local preacher's license July 11, 1868, from Thomas T. Pierce, then pastor, and was ordained local deacon at the Philadelphia Conference, at Harrisburg, in 1875, by Bishop J. A. Shorter. He attended the General Conference at Atlanta, Ga., as lay delegate from the Philadelphia Conference. He joined the itinerate work in Philadelphia Conference at Chester, in 1876; was transferred to the New York Conference by Bishop Shorter and appointed to Coxsackie Circuit, N. Y., in conjunction with Rev. J. H. Nichols by Bishop A. W. Wayman. He was returned the following year by Bishop D. A. Payne. He organized a church that year in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., was ordained an Elder in Sullivan Street Church, New York City, May 12, 1878, by Bishop D. A. Payne, and sent to Poughkeepsie, N. Y. There he had some misunderstanding with the people, which caused them to promise to cut his bread and butter short, which promise they faithfully carried out. But being a child of our raising, he remained firm to the church and connection. According to his own account, one day, or part of it, they fed him and his family on wind pudding, air sauce and balloon trimmings. His time there was short. A few days after he received an appointment from Bishop Payne to Albany, N. Y., and was reappointed the following year. In 1880 he was transferred to the New Jersey Conference, and stationed at Princeton, N. J. There he served two years. He was then sent to Woodbury, N. J., in 1882, by Bishop J. M. Brown, where he remained two years. In 1884 he was sent to Bridgeton, N. J., and remained three years, and in 1887 was sent to Salem, N. J., where he still remains. Rev. Morgan is quite a revivalist, and has taken a large number of members into the church since entering the ministry. He is also a prominent Mason, having mastered the "Old Silk Stocking" Lodge No. 2, "Mt. Laurel" Lodge, of Philadelphia, "Jeptha" Lodge, of Albany, N. Y., and "Ionic" Lodge, of Bridgeton, N. J. He is the father of ten children and two grandchildren.

Wealthy Colored Men of Fort Smith, Arkansas---News Notes From Our Newsgatherer.

Fort Smith, Ark., special.

Fort Smith is not one whit behind in energy and thrift. The colored people number about 7,000 thrifty, honest and frugal people, of this number the majority are property owners and possessors of valuable homes and they refused during the great boom thousands of dollars. Among this set of people must be mentioned the name of Mr. Lewis Bolin who owns a farm valued at $3,000, Mr. Bolin also owns the largest colored grocery store in the city. Mr. H. Chism, his genial partner has done much toward making everything accommodating for their many visitors. He has a fair education and ranks high as a bookkeeper. Mr. Wm. Herel will some day become a man of wealth. He is about eighteen years of age and owns a neat little grocery proving to his fellowmates, that, where there is a will, there is a way. Messers. J. J. Moran and Mr. Burke are rapidly pushing to the front as business men. Mr. Martin Bridges is one of the most prominent colored contractors in the city. He owns valuable real estate. As a mechanic Mr. Ford McKee has no equal, his work gives entire satisfaction to both white and black. We do not stand in need for excellent and well-pleasing barbers. Mr. E. J. Mershon must be given a front rank. He owns one of the finest barber shops in the city; he also owns valuable real estate and is a member of the Building and Loan Association. Messers Anderson and Burke rank high as well pleasing barbers in the sense of the word. Our young men are not behind as one may see that Messers. R. Sterne, G. Miller, S. H. Ingram, J. Hensle, S. Quinly and Mr. Morris are busily engaged in their neat little barber shops. Our young men are frequently called upon by the U. S Court as juryman, Mr. Robt. Trotter was called last week. Your correspondent will give a complete history of our people in the near future. There are others who will be mentioned next. The Freeman is the paper for all lovers of the race to take. It tells you what the industrious people are doing instead of casting slurs on us. Let us rally together and come up as prompt as possible and remember that we are the ones to keep the wheel a moving.

JOHN G. WHITING.

J. W. ANDERSON, G. D.

Grand Director, J. W. Anderson, the subject of our sketch, was born in Pittsburg, Pa., on the 12th day of December, 1856.

He attended the public schools under principalship of Prof. D. Atwood. At an early age he saw the necessity of going to work. His first employment was blacking boots and selling newspapers, at which business he worked for several years. He was then employed as messenger at Carring Brothers, Steel Works, a position he held for some time.

In 1878 his friends urged him to make application for a position in the post-office. He did so and was immediately accepted, and for more than ten years he has been the only colored letter carrier in Pittsburg, Pa. He is an excellent example of what pluck and energy can do. In all of his efforts in life he had to depend solely upon himself. In all of his dealings with his fellowmen he is honest, open and frank, but is very firm and determined on insisting upon what is right. He takes a considerable interest in all questons that pertains to his race. He married a Miss Fanny Moles, one of the most popular young ladies in the city. He is a member of the Sons of Veterans and of the Odd Fellows. At the Encgmpment of the Sons of Veterans held at Des Maines, althoughh the only colored delegate present, he was elected a member of the Council-in-chief, by the largest vote cast for any candidate. As an Odd Fellow he has been especially honored. He has attended every B. M. C. held by the Order except at Boston. He has three times been the unanimous choice of Pennsylvania for Chairman of the B. M. C. He was twice elected Deputy District Master of the Order: He was Vice Chairman of the B. M. C. at Philadelphia, and at the last meeting held at Nashville, Tenn., he was elected Chairman by a large majority, and such fair and marked executive ability did he display at this meeting that he was again honored by being elected Grand Director for two years. Although he has been highly honored by the Order he bears his honors with becoming dignity and honesty, and as one writer has truly said of him, "He is not only an Odd Fellow in name but he lives the life of an Odd Fellow."

THE American Public Health Association demands that the immediate attention of State Boards of Health be given to those relations which exist between men and animals in the way of communicating dangerous disease. It is now well known that glanders, trichinosis and tuberculosis may be communicated from horses or cattle to man; and it is highly probable that diphtheria and scarlatina are also diseases of animals as well as men. The diseases of the cow, especially, demands thorough consideration, from the fact that her milk constitutes so universal a factor in diet. At present milk consumers are living and buying in a state of terror. It is absolutely demanded by public health that the milk product of the country be under rigid sanitary control.

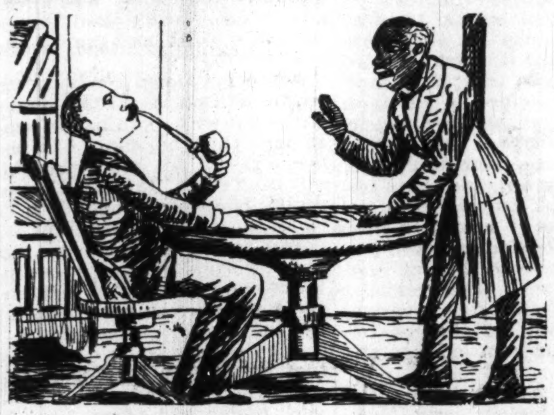
HONEST AND TRUTHFUL.

Arkansaw Traveler.

The major was sitting in his library, smoking a fine meerschaum pipe, when old Sylvester, a Negro politician, was announced.

"Come in," said the major, when Sylvester appeared at the door.

"Yes sah, I thank you, sah. I thought I'd come in an' tell you dat it ain't outen de range o' my erbility, sah, ter git all dem Tenth ward niggers ter vote fur you fur mayor."

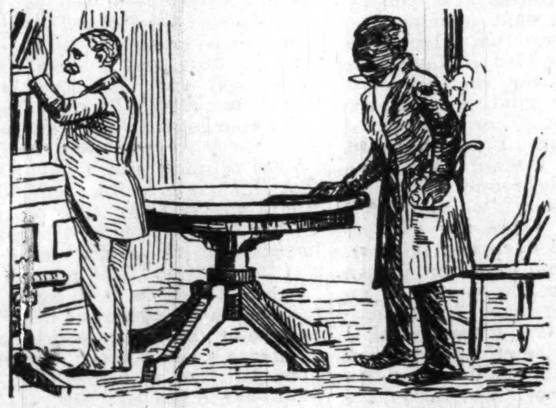


"I am delighted to hear it," the major responded, "but I have no intention of running for mayor. Did you see what the morning paper said about me?"

"No, sah."

"I'll show you."

When the major got up to look for the paper he put his pipe on the center table; but when he looked for his pipe after reading the paragraph, he found that it was gone.

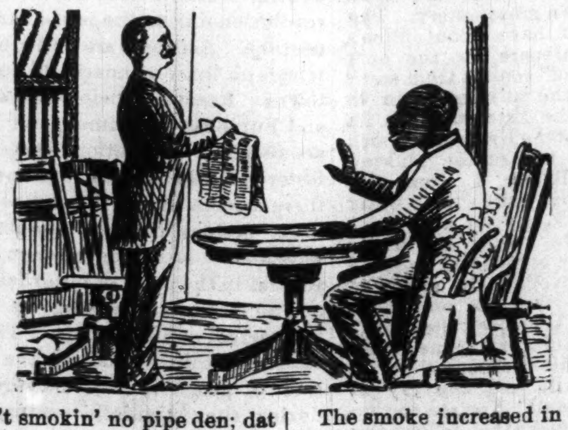


"What did I do with that pipe?" he asked.

"Whut pipe, sah?"

"The pipe I was smoking when you came in."

"You wa'n't smokin' no pipe den; dat is, I didn' see you smokin' none."



"I was smoking it when you came in, and I put it on this table when I got up to look for that paper."

"You mouter done it, sah, but I didn't see you."

"But if I put it there, why isn't it there now?"

"Wall, dat ain't fur me ter say. Yas, sah, dem niggers down dar in de Tenth ward pays ertention ter ebery word dat I says, an' da allus gwine ter vote fur de man dat I puts out, too—doan meck no diffunce ef it's fur mayor ur jedge."

The major saw smoke issuing from the pocket of Sylvester's linen duster.

"Do everything you say, eh?"

"Dat's whut da does, sah; fur er fack, dat's jest what da does."

"That's because you are an honest man."

"Dat's de cause, I has no doubt, sah. Oh, it's jest ez easy fur a man ter be honest. I hear folks makin' er great miration 'bout er man bein' honest, but I ain't neber found it no trouble. I jest goes right erlong an' 'tends ter my own bizness an' tells de truth. I neber could see why er man dat's got any 'speck fur hisse'f wanter tell er lie. Man oughter know dat it's gwine come home ter him sooner ur later."

The smoke increased in volumne.

"Yes," said the major, "it comes home to him sooner or later and very frequently sooner than he may expect."

"Dat's true, sah; dat's true. An' I allus say ter my boys, s'I, 'boys, no matter what else you is be truthful an' honest an' den de white folks gwine stan' by you. No matter ef the truth 'pears to work ergin you at de time, tell if, fur it ain't gwine ter be long till you gwine stand up unspotted."

The major saw that Sylvester's coat tail was on fire, but the old Negro, sitting screwed around on his chair, was still unmindful of an approaching calamity.

"Yes, Sylvester, honesty and truthfulness will always win."

"Do it fur er fack, sah, an' dat's jest whut I tells my boys."

"You never told a lie, I suppose."

"Well, ef I did it wuz er mighty long time ergo. When I wuz er—mussyful hebens, I'se burnin' up! Whoop! I'se on fire."

He jumped up, and while he was putting out the fire the pipe dropped on the floor.

"I—I—I doan' un'erstan' dis yere," he said as he gave the skirt of the duster a final twist. "How dat pipe coulder got in dat pocket I don't know."

"I don't think it is at all strange," the major replied.

"Who doan?"

"I don't."

"Look yere, is you cuzen' me right here in yere own house; you come flingin' eut er sinywation at me? Set er man's coat er fire an' den tromp on his feelin's by 'cuzen' him? You ain't my sorter folks. I ain't got s'ciety wid you. Come 'stroyin' er man's clothes an' den lookin' at him wid s'picion. I'm gwine."

Samuel W. Pearce, a member of the Board of Trade, died in Providence, R. I., recently. At the time President Lincoln was assassinated Mr. Pearce and his sister were en route from Providence to Newbern, N. C. The news of the tragedy was flashed along the wires, and a full description of J. Wilkes Booth and Mrs. Surratt sent out. All of the trains running south were carefully inspected, and the officers boarded Mr. Pearce's train. As chance would have it, the two travelers bore a striking resemblance to Booth and Mrs. Surratt, and despite their protests they were placed under arrest. That night an attempt was was made to shoot the supposed assassins, and the plan of taking them out and shooting them was discussed by the officers. Good counsel prevailed, and the protests of the alleged Booth were listened to, and the two travelers were released.

IT seems to be practically settled that the Sioux Indians will surrender the most of their reservation in South Dakota upon the terms authorized by Congress. This will open to settlement a tract of desirable land several times larger than Oklahoma, thus affording a splendid opportunity for the many home seekers who have lately been disappointed in their hope of securing locations. It will also add materially to the prosperity of one of the coming new States.

Bethel Church and Allen Chapel will picnic at an early date.

Rev. J. R. Riley, of the Ninth Presbyterian Church, was in Louisville, this week.

The financial board of the A. M. E. Church spent $100,000 last year for educational purposes.

Rev. J. D. Rouse, of Evansville, Ind., was in the city this week, assisting Rev. J. W. Carr, of the Second Baptist Church. Also Rev. Anderson, of Kentucky.

Rev. Sam Jones, the famous Southern preacher, addressed an audience of 3,000 colored people, recently, at Danville, Va. He was pleased with the singing and the religious fervor manifested.

The question, "Which has the greater influence over man, women or money?" was discussed at the A. M. E. Zion Church, Chicago, Wednesday night. It was decided that the fair sex exerts the greater influence.

The attendance at the Ninth Presbyterian Church is increasing very rapidly and Rev. Riley will soon be rewarded with a good congregation. He is an able and eloquent preacher and no one should miss his morning services.

Rev. L. G. Jordan, of Texas, but who is assisting the Prohibitionists of Pennsylvania in their amendment fight, is doing some very effective work in that State. The press has given him unstinted praise since his arrival in the State.

The color bugbear pervades every phase of religious work in the South. Now comes Dr. Abbey, of the M. E. Church South, who thinks that Bishop Goodsells had no "moral, social or religious right to accept lodging in a Negro family in Texas."

The Northern and Southern Presbyterian Conferences were held last week, the former at New York, the latter at Chattanooga. One of the objects of these assemblies was the union of church work among the Presbyterians, North and South. Among the many committee reports presented before the Assembly at New York was one on the co-operation in the evangelization of the colored people, to which was attached the following clause: "While by conceding the existing situation it (the Northern Assembly) approves the policy of separate churches, presbyteries and synods, subject to the choice of the colored people themselves." To this latter clause the Rev. Dr. Strayker, of Chicago, objected and moved that it be stricken out, saying that he "would vote for no report that asked one Christian to stand aside at the communion table in favor of another" Finally, after considerable discussion, Dr. Strayker's motion was carried by a vote of 400 to 50. There were several colored delegates present who objected to this clause and expressed their opinions in favor of Dr. Strayker's stand. However, the remainder of the report in favor of the co-operation in the evangelization of freedmen was adopted by both assemblies.

The example set the Southern Presbyterians by the Northern by not recognizing any color line, and by allowing colored delegates to exercise the same privileges as white, is a good one, which will, no doubt, in time have its desired effect. It also shows that the true type of Christianity is beginning to be felt and manifested in this part of the world, by some at least. And the nearer some of the so-called churches or Christians at the South approach and experience it, and show the same spirit as was displayed by their brethren at the New York conference, they will appear more human and entertain less race prejudice.

It seems hard for a certain class who style themselves Christians to bear the idea of going to a heaven where Negroes are not crowded into separate apartments and race or color is not known. But the fact is, if these Pharisees in sheeps' clothing do not don the robe of repentance and regeneration, and change their false opinions and evil practices, they will be borne by them into a heaven which they can occupy all to themselves, and where everything is known but doves.

Now that the French have popularized horse meat and frogs, they have gone heavily into snail culture. Small farmers are said to make from $1,000 to $2,000 a year fattening these tender esculents. They are bought up readily by the wealthy, and are a generally favorite food. Mushroom culture and snail culture utilize the dark places, cellars and tunnels. So it is that the possibilities of food supply increase. Much of the best that the earth supplies has so far been neglected. Our locusts, that the Western farmers will not eat, is the chief article of diet in Oriental countries.

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INDIANAPOLIS, - IND.

Humor of Irish Blunders.

An Irishman, testifying in a Police Court, was asked to explain why he had "shown the white feather" on a certain occasion.

"'Tis better to be a coward for five minutes than dead all your life," he replied. Another Irishman, while accompanying a fishing party, had a bad fall down a steep mountain slope. Picking himself up he devoutly exclaimed: "Glory be to God that I wasn't walking back over the mountains a dead man!"

The humor of these blunders lies in the inability of the speaker to regard life as excluding death, and death as excluding life. But neither of them is a nonsensical expression; on the contrary each illustrates what an Irish writer says of Irish blunders, "They are frequently humorous hyperboles, and present very often the most energetic mode of expressing the speaker's opinion."

An Irish peasant talks of a "sthrong weakness," and says that "the water is dry in the river," and tells you that "the only way to prevint what's past is to put a stop to it before it happens." He will confess, "I can always remember things in advance," or, "There I sat, expecting that every moment would be my next," and describe drops of rain as varying in size "from a shilling to eighteen pence."

These expressions are "bulls," but they are also picturesque blunders, such as could be made only by a peasantry gifted with wit, metaphor and ingenuity. "Even the cutters of turf and drawers of whisky are orators," wrote Maria Edgeworth of the Irish peasants, more than eighty years ago.

A writer, on whose essay in the London Spectator we have drawn, points out that there are bulls of action and conduct as well as spoken bulls.

An Irish lady, observing that her bed curtains had caught fire, hurried away to fetch water. She caught up a can of water, and as she was about to pour it upon the flames remembered that it was hot water, and mentally decided that it could be of no use. An Irish school boy placed a cup full of coffee on a sloping desk. Finding that it overflowed, he sought to remedy his difficulty by turning the cup around. An Irish tenant wishing to raise the roof his cabin, began by excavating the floor.

An Irishman on a gentleman saying to him him, "How did you like that whisky, Pat?" at once replied. "Sure, your honor, it has made another man of me, and that other man would like a glass, too." A temperance lecturer might make that bull do good service in illustrating the fact that "the first lass" does the mischief.

PLUNGED IN THE DITCH.

A SINFUL WORLD AND A PLAN OF PURIFICATION.

The Soul Cannot be Cleansed by Apologies, Nor by the Belief that Your Sins Might Be Worse---Grace of Christ and Faith Needed.

Rev. Dr. Talmage preached at the Brooklyn tabernacle last Sunday. Text Job ix., 30-31. He said:

I remark, in the first place, that some people try to cleanse their soul of sin in the snow water of fine apologies. Here is one man who says: "I am a sinner, I confess that; but I inherited this. My father was a sinner, my grandfather, my great-great-grandfather, and all the way back to Adam, and I couldn't help myself." My brother, have you not, every day in your life, added something to the original state of sin that was bequeathed to you? Are you not brave enough to confess that you have sometimes surrendered to sin which you ought to have conquered? I ask you whether it is fair play to put upon our ancestry things for which we ourselves are personally responsible? If your nature was askew when you got it, have you not sometimes given it an additional twist? Will all the tombstones of those who have preceded us make a barricade high enough for eternal defenses? I know a devout man who had blasphemous parentage.

I know an honest man whose father was a thief. I know a pure man whose mother was a waif of the street. The hereditary tide may be very strong, but there is such a thing as stemming it. The fact that I have a corrupt nature is no reason why I should yield to it. The deep stains of our soul can never be washed out by the snow water of such insufficient apology.

Still further, says some one, "If I have gone into sin it has been through my companions, my comrades and associates; they ruined me. They taught me to drink. They took me to the gambling hell. They plunged me into the house of sin. They ruined my soul." I do not believe it. God gave to no one the power to destroy you or me. If a man is destroyed, he is self-destroyed, and that is always so. Why did you not break away from them? If they had tried to steal your purse you would have knocked them down. If they had tried to purloin your gold watch you would have riddled them with shot, but when they tried to steal your immortal soul you placidly submitted to it.

Those bad fellows have a cup of fire to drink; do not pour your cup into it. In this matter of the soul, every man for himself. That those persons are not fully responsible for your sin I prove by the fact that you still consort with them. You can not get off by blaming them. Though you gather up all these apologies; though they were a great flood of them; though they should come down with the force of melting snows from Lebanon, they could not wash out one stain of your immortal soul.

Still further, some persons apologize for their sins by saying: "We are a great deal better than some people. You see people all around about us that are a great deal worse than we." You stand up columnar in your integrity and look down upon those who are prostrate in their habits and crimes. What of that, my brother? If I failed through recklessness and wicked imprudence for $10,000, is the matter alleviated at all by the fact that somebody else has failed for $100,000, and somebody else for $700,000? Oh, no. If I have the neuralgia, shall I refuse medical attendance because my neighbor has virulent typhoid fever? The fact that his disease is worse than mine—does that cure mine? If I, through my foolhardiness, leap off into ruin, does it break the fall to know that others leap off a higher cliff into deeper darkness? When the Hudson River rail train went through the bridge at Spuyten Duyvil, did it alleviate the matter at all that, instead of two or three people being hurt, there were seventy-five mangled and crushed? Because others are depraved, is that any excuse for my depravity? Am I better than they? Perhaps they had worse temptations than I have had. Perhaps their surroundings in life were more overpowering. Perhaps, oh, man, if you had been under the same stress of temptation, instead of sitting here to-day you would have been looking through the bars of a penitentiary. Perhaps, oh, woman, if you had been under the same power of temptation, instead of sitting here today you would be tramping the street, the laughing-stock of men and the grief of the angels of God, dungeoned, body, mind and soul in the blackness of despair. Ah, do not let us solace ourselves with the thought that other people are worse than we. Perhaps in the future, when our fortunes may change, unless God prevents it, we may be worse than they are. Many a man after thirty years, after forty years, after fifty years, after sixty years, has gone to pieces on the sand bars. Oh! instead of wasting our time in hypercriticism about others, let us ask ourselves the questions, where do we stand? What are our sins? What are our deficits? What are our perils? What are our hopes? Let each one say to himself: "Where will I be? Shall I range in summery fields, or grind in the mills of a great night? Where? Where?"

Some winter morning you go out and see a snow-bank in graceful drifts, as though by some heavenly compass it had been curved; and as the sun glints it the luster is almost insufferable, and seems as if God had wrapped the earth in a shroud with white plaits woven in looms celestial. And you say: "Was there ever anything so pure as the snow, so beautiful as the snow?" But you brought a pail of that snow and put it upon the stove and melted it; and you found that there was a sediment at the bottom, and every drop of that snow water was riled; and you found that the snow-bank had gathered up the impurity of the field, and that after all it was not fit to wash in. And so I say it will be if you try to gather up these contrasts and comparisons with others, and with these apologies attempt to wash out the sins of your heart and life. It will be an unsuccessful ablution. Such snow-water will never wash away a single stain of an immortal soul.

But I hear some one say. "I will try something better than that. I will try the force of a good resolution. That will be more pungent, more caustic, more extirpating, more cleansing. The snow-water has failed, and now I will try the alkali of the good, strong resolution. My dear brother, have you any idea that a resolution about the future will liquidate the past? Suppose I owed you $5,000 and I should come to you to-morrow and say: "Sir, I will never run in debt to you again; if I should live thirty years, I will never run in debt to you again;" will you turn to me and say: "If you will not run in debt in the future, I will forgive you the $5,000." Will you do that? No! Nor will God. We have been running up a long score of indebtedness with God. If in the future we should abstain from sin, that would be no defrayment of past indebtedness. Though you should live from this time forth pure as an archangel before the throne, that would not redeem the past. God, in the Bible, distinctly declares that He "will require that which is past"—past opportunities, past neglects, past wicked words, past impure imaginations, past everything. The past is a great cemetery, and every day is buried in it. And here is a long row of three hundred and sixty-five graves. They are the dead days of 1888. Here is a long row of three hundred and sixty-five more graves, and they are the dead days of 1887. And here is a long row of three hundred and sixty-five more graves, and they are the dead days of 1886. It is a vast cemetery of the past. But God will raise them all up with resurrectionary blast, and as the prisoner stands face to face with juror and Judge, so you and I will have to come up and look upon these departed days face to face, exulting in their smile or cowering in their frown.

"Murder will out" is a proverb that stops too short. Every sin, however small, as well as great, will out. In hard times in England, years ago, it is authentically stated that a manufacturer was on the way, with a bag of money, to pay off his hands. A man infuriated with hunger met him on the road and took a rail with a nail in it from a paling fence and struck him down. Thirty years after the murderer went back to that place. He passed into the grave yard, where the sexton was digging a grave, and while he stood there the spade of the sexton turned up a skull, and, lo! the murderer saw a nail protruding from the back part of the skull; and as the sexton turned the skull, it seemed with hollow eyes to glare on the murderer; and he, first petrified with horror, stood in silence, but soon cried out, "Guilty! guilty! O, God!" The mystery of the crime was over. The man was tried and executed. My friends, all the unpardoned sins of our lives, though we may think they are buried out of sight and gone into a mere skeleton of memory, will turn up in the cemetery of the past, and glower upon us with their misdoings. I say all our unpardoned sins. Oh, have you done the preposterous thing of supposing that good resolutions for the future will wipe out the past? Good resolutions, though pungent and caustic as alkali, have no power to neutralize a sin, have no power to wash away a transgression. It wants something more than earthly chemistry to do this. Yea, yea, though "I wash myself with snow water, and should I cleanse my hands in alkali, yet shalt Thou plung me in the ditch, and mine own clothes shall abhor me."

You see from the last part of this text that Job's idea of sin was very different from that of Eugene Sue, or George Sand, or M. S. Michelet, or any of the hundreds of writers who have done up iniquity in mezzotint, and garlanded the wine cup with eglantine and rosemary, and made the path of the libertine end in bowers of ease instead of on the hot flagging of eternal torture. You see that Job thinks that sin is not a flowery parterre; that it is not a tableland of fine prospects; that it is not music, dulcimer, violoncello, castanet and Pandean pipes, all making music together. No. He says it is a ditch, long, deep, loathsome, stenchful, and we are all plunged into it, and there we wallow and sink and struggle, not able to get out. Our robes of propriety and robes of worldly profession are saturated in the slime and abomination, and our soul, covered over with transgression, hates its covering, and the covering hates the soul until we are plunged into the ditch, and our own clothes abhor us.

I know that some modern religionists carricature sorrow for sin, and they make out an easier path than the "pilgrim's progress" that John Bunyan dreamed of. The road they travel does not stop where John's did, at the City of Destruction, but at the gate of the university; and I am very certain that it will not come out where John's did, under the shining ramparts of the celestial city. No repentance, no pardon. If you do not, my brother, feel that you are down in the ditch, what do you want of Christ to lift you out? If you have no appreciation of the fact that you are astray, what do you want of Him who came to seek and save that which was lost? Yonder is the City of Paris, the swiftest of the Inmans, coming across the Atlantic. The wind is abaft, so that she has not only her engines at work, but all sails up. I am on board the Umbria, of the Cunard Line. The boatdavits are swung around. The boat is lowered. I get into it with a red flag and cross over to where the City of Paris is coming and wave the red flag. The captain looks off from the bridge and says: "What do you want?" I reply: "I come to take some of your passengers across to the other vessel: I think they will be safer and happier there." The captain would look down in indignation and say: "Get out of the way or I will run you down." And then I would back oars amid the jeering of two or three hundred people looking over the taffrail. But the Umbria and City of Paris meet under different circumstances after a while. The City of Paris is coming out of a cyclone; the life-boats are smashed; the bulwarks gone: the vessel rapidly going down. The boatswain gives his last whistle of despairing command. The passengers run up and down the deck, and some pray, and all make a great outcry. The captain says: "You have about fifteen minutes now to prepare for the next world." "No hope!" sounds from stern to stern and from the rat lines down to the cabin. I see the distress. I am let down by the side of the Umbria. I push on as fast as I can toward the sinking city of Paris. Before I come up people are leaping into the water in their anxiety to get to the boat, and when I have swung up under the side of the City of Paris the frenzied passengers rush through the gangway until the officers, with ax and clubs and pistols, try to keep back the crowd, each wanting his turn to come next. There is but one life-boat, and they all want to get into it, and the cry is: "Me next!" "me next!" You see the application before I make it. As long as a man going on in his sin feels that all is well, that he is coming out at a beautiful port, and has all sail set, he wants no Christ, he wants no help, he wants no rescue; but if under the flash of God's convicting spirit he shall see that by reason of sin he is dismasted and water logged, and going down into the trough of the sea where he cannot live, how soon he puts the sea-glass to his eye and sweeps the horizon, and at the first sight of help cries out: "I want to be saved. I want to be saved now. I want to be saved forever." No sense of danger, no application for rescue.

Oh, that God's eternal spirit would flash upon us a sense of our sinfulness! The Bible tells the story in letters of a fire, but we get used to it. We joke about sin. We make merry over it. What is sin? Is it a trifling thing? Sin is a vampire that is sucking out the life blood of your immortal nature. Sin? It is a bastile that no earthly key ever unlocked. Sin? It is expatriation from God and Heaven. Sin? It is grand larceny against the Almighty, for the Bible asks the question: "Will a man rob God?" answering it in the affirmative. This Gospel is a writ of replevin to recover property unlawfully detained from God.

In the Shetland Islands there is a man with leprosy. The hollow of the foot has swollen until it is flat on the ground. The joints begin to fall away. The ankle thickens until it looks like the foot of a wild beast. A stare unnatural comes to the eye. The nostril is constricted. The voice drops to an almost inaudible hoarseness. Tubercles blotch the whole body, and from them there comes an exudation that is unbearable to the beholder. That is leprosy, and we have all got it unless cleansed by the grace of God. See Leviticus. See II Kings. See Mark. See Luke. See fifty Bible allusions and confirmations. The Bible is not complimentary in its language. It does not speak mincingly about our sins. It does not talk apologetically. There is no vermilion in its style. It does not cover up our transgressions with blooming metaphor. It does not sing about them in weak falsetto; but it thunders out: "The imagination of man's heart is evil from his youth." "Every one has gone back. He has altogether become filthy. He is abominable and filthy, and drinketh in iniquity like water." And then the Lord Jesus Christ flings down at our feet this humiliating catalogue: "Out of the heart of men proceed evil thoughts, adulteries, fornication, murders, thefts, blashemy." There is a text for your rationalists to preach from. Oh, the dignity of human nature! There is an element of your science of man that the anthropologist never has had the courage yet to touch; and the Bible, in all the ins and outs of the most forceful style, sets forth our natural pollution, and represents iniquity as a frightful thing, as an exhausting thing, as a loathesome thing. It is not a mere bemiring of the feet, it is not a mere befouling of the hands; it is going down, head and ears under, in a ditch, until our clothes abhor us.

My brethren, shall we stay down where sin has thrust us? I shall not, if you do. We can not afford to. I have to day to tell you that there is something purer than snow water, something more pungent than alkali, and that is the blood of Jesus Christ that cleanseth from all sin. Ay, the river of salvation, bright, crystalline and heaven born, rushes through this audience with a billowy tide strong enough to wash your sins completely and forever away. Oh, Jesus, let the dam that holds it back now break, and the floods of salvation roll over us.

Let us get down on both knees and bathe in that flood of mercy. Ay, strike out with both hands and try to swim to the other shore of this river of God's grace. To you is the word of this salvation sent. Take this largess of the divine bounty. Though you have gone down in the deepest ditch of libidinous desire and corrupt behavior, though you have sworn all blasphemies until there is not one sinful word left for you to speak, though you have been submerged by the transgressions of a lifetime, though you are so far down in your sin that no earthly help can touch your case—the Lord Jesus Christ bends over you to-day and offers you His right hand, proposing to lift you up, first making you whiter than snow, and then raising you to glories that never die. "Billy," said a Christian bootblack to another, "when we come up to Heaven it won't make any difference that we've been bootblacks here, for we shall get in, not somehow or other, but Billy, we shall get in straight through the gate." Oh, if you only knew how full and free and tender is the effort of Christ this day, you would all take Him without one single exception; and if all the doors of this house were locked save one, and you were compelled to make egress by only one door, and I stood there and questioned you, and the Gospel of Christ had made the right impression upon your heart to-day, you would answer me as you went out, one and all: "Jesus is mine and I am His!" Oh, that this might be the hour when you would receive Him! It is not a Gospel merely for footpads and vagrants and buccaneers, it is for the highly polished and the educated and refined as well. "Except a man be born again, he can not see the kingdom of God." Whatever may be your associations, and whatever your worldly refinements, I must tell you, as before God I expect to answer in the last day, that if you are not changed by the grace of God, you are still down in the ditch of sin, in the ditch of sorrow, in the ditch of condemnation; a ditch that empties into a deeper ditch, the ditch of the lost. But blessed be God for the lifting, cleansing, lustrating power of His Gospel.

Central Asia, and more particularly Central Western Asia, has undergone a revolution during the past quarter of a century. Railroads are being built and telegraph lines connect all important towns. Roads are being macadamized and European costumes and customs are adopted. Education, especially, is fostered where it was unknown; and there are ten times the schools there were, besides colleges established by foreigners. Religious freedom is quite general in the place of bitter fanaticism; and all classes are waking up to new intellectual and moral life. The lower classes look up. Asia, at the present rate of progress, will be regenerated during the twentieth century to co-operate with Europe and America.

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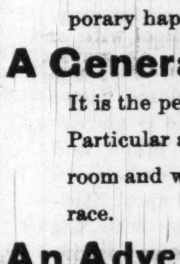

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CRONIN'S CORPSE FOUND.

The Distinguished Irish-American Murdered and Thrown Into a Sewer.

The disappearance about three weeks ago of Dr. Cronin, the well-known Irish agitator of Chicago, created a wide sensation, and various reasons were given for his disappearance. One report claimed he went away with a woman not his wife. Another that he was seen in Canada several times, and even alleged interviews were given. The mystery of his disappearance was cleared up the latter part of last week by the finding of his body, stark naked, in one of the sewer traps in a suburb of Chicago, where it had been thrown many days previous. There were marks of violence upon his head and face, but a post mortem examination showed that neither the skull, nor none of the bones were fractured, and the means employed in his murder is almost as much of a mystery as was his strange disappearance. All of the physicians who examined him, however, were of opinion that he might have been killed by the blow at the outer corner of his left eye. The entire Chicago detective force are working on the case, trying to trace the murderers. It is known that the body of Dr. Cronin was conveyed to the sewer trap in a trunk, and this may lead to the capture of the murderers. Although hope of an early solving of the mystery is expressed it may be said that nothing is known to the press or public further than the fact of the trunk being found upon which the hope can be founded.

Later particulars are to the effect that the police are jealously guarding a vacant house in Lakeview, which was vacated previous to Dr. Cronins' murder and has been vacant since. The house contains many evidences of a crime having been committed within its walls. Blood stains were discovered in almost every part of the house. There are other evidences of the murder, including, it is said, bloody clothing, but the police are silent on this point. A key was found in the house that fitted the blood-stained trunk.

A Chicago paper publishes a story which implicates a member of the Chicago police force, Detective Daniel Coughlin, in the murder of Dr. Cronin. The story published is that on the morning of the day on which Cronin disappeared Coughlin engaged at a livery stable not far from where Dr. Cronin lived a horse and buggy, which, he said, a friend of his would call for that evening; that the man did call and was given a white horse, similar to the one attached to the buggy in which Cronin was decoyed away; that the time of going, and the description of the man corresponded minutely both with the time when the man came for Dr. Cronin and with the appearance of the man himself; that Coughlin subsequently cautioned the livery-stable keeper to say nothing about the matter. Coughlin was a member of one or more societies of which Cronin was a member, and they are said to have been enemies.

Dr. Cronin's funeral was held Sunday and was attended by 7,000 persons.

The Mayor and Chief Hubbard, accompanied by Attorney Hynes, who is assisting in the pursuit of the assassins of Dr. Cronin, went to the Chicago avenue station, Saturday night, and held a long conference with Captain Schaack regarding Dan Coughlin's connection with the case. In discussing the case, the point was made in favor of Coughlin that had he wanted this rig for any improper purpose he would not have said "any rig will do," but would have been very particular as to the kind to be used for such purpose. On the other hand the point was made against Coughlin that his story given in explanation was ridiculous. The Mayor and the Chief held that he might a well have given the name of "John Doe," or any one else, as "Thomas Smith." In summing it all up they decided to hold Coughlin as a witness.

After the consultation it is understood that detective Whelan was promptly suspended to await further investigation. Whelen said, Monday, that after Coughlin and himself were detailed on the Cronin case, to fathom the "white-horse" episode, they wandered about the streets for two days without meeting the man from Michigan, and were about to report their failure, when Schaack told them of his interview with Mrs. Conklin. Whelan and Coughlan were then ordered to drop the Cronin case altogether, and to report for general work. A day or two after that while they were strolling down Clark street in the vicinity of Illinois, Coughlin met a man who appeared to know him. "I didn't pay any attention to the fellow," said Whelan, "because he appeared to be a friend of Dan's. Dan didn't offer to introduce me, so I strolled along a little way north and waited for Dan to get through. When he got through he came over to where I was standing and we walked north about a block. Then he told me that the man he met was his friend from Michigan who had driven Dinan's horse. I turned around to see if I could see the fellow, but he was too far away. If I had known at the time who he was I would have taken him to the station to see the Captain. But as we were not on the case then I soon forgot the incident."

The following sensational story was published at Chicago Monday: The police have been put in possession of facts which, if true, are far more startling than was ever expected concerning Dr. Cronin's murder. It has been clearly shown by the dead man's friends that his removal was ordered by a committee in some way representing the Clan-Na-Gael Society. Charges of traitorous conduct were preferred against him at a meeting of a Clan-Na-Gael camp, he was found guilty and his removal was ordered. The charge was based in the statement of the British spy Le Caron, that there were four more spies in America. When Le Caron made that statement on the stand before the Parnell Commission he was ordered to state the name of the spies. He said he dared not do it, because if they were known they would be murdered. Presiding Justice Hannen then took him into a closed ante-room, and in the presence of Mr. Richard Webster, the Attorney General, who is conducting the prosecution, and Sir Charles Russell, Parnell's attorney, Le Caron stated their names. Within forty-eight hours after this news was cabled across from Europe nearly every Clan-Na-Gael camp in America had met and passed resolutions declaring in favor of a rigid hunt for the four spies. The finger of suspicion, justly, or unjustly, was pointed, among others, at Cronin. A committee was appointed to try him. He was convicted without being given a chance to make a defense, and his assassins were brought here from outside points to carry out the mandate of the committee. The latter was chosen by secret ballot. It is claimed that the murder conspiracy would not have ended with Dr. Cronin had not his body been found so opportunely in the Evanston avenue man-hole. There were other Irishmen on the executioner's list, and they would have all shared Cronin's fate had the chance to dispose of them safely offered.

It is known that an attempt to decoy Dr. Cronin to a very lonely spot was made a short time before the doctor's murder. The story of the attempted but unsuccessful effort to get Dr. Cronin to a lonely neighborhood to see an imaginary sick man is interwoven with other incidents that lead back to the Carlson cottage. One night about 11:30 o'clock, shortly after the cottage was leased to two strange men, a telephone message was sent to the doctor, asking him to call at Butterfield and Fortieth streets, on the South Side, where it was said a man was badly hurt. The person who telephoned gave explicit instructions as to the locality and urged the doctor to make all possible haste. Dr. Cronin was absent from his home at the time, and did not return till nearly morning. After it was light he went to the place where it was said he was wanted in such haste. The spot was a vacant lot. He made careful and exhaustive inquiries in the neighborhood, going from house to house. After spending several hours in the search he found that no one had been injured in that vicinity. The message was a decoy. There is little doubt that had he gone there during the night he would have been assassinated.

The mystery of Dr. Cronin's murder was unraveled Tuesday by the confession of Frank Woodruff, alias Frank Block, the driver of the wagon. He took the officers over the route driven on the night the crime was committed, and the scene of every incident connected with the tragedy was pointed out. Coughlin, Sullivan and Woodruff have been indicted for the murder by the Grand Jury. The police are said to have discovered evidence implicating many prominent Irishmen.

WASHINGTON NOTES.

A Washington special to the Herald says. The sending of the English flag ship Swifture and the Amphion to Sitka, with orders to cruise in Behring Sea, has caused quite a stir in official circles here. The Treasury Department has time and again called the attention of the Government to the fact that ships flying the English flag are engaged in illicit sealing in Behring Sea. In most cases these vessels are well armed, and our revenue cutters, which carry only howitzers, are no match for them. The Government has decided that its interests in Alaska shall be protected. The United States steamer Adams, which was under sailing orders for Honolulu, expected to leave on Tuesday, but a telegram has been sent to the commandant of the Mare Island Navy Yard to detain her. She will go north in company with the Iroquois, and both vessels will leave early in the week for Sitka. The State Department has decided that Behring Sea is a Mare Clausum, and intends to assert dominion over the whole North Pacific within the limit defined by our treaty with Russia. What constitutes the waters of Alaska has long been a complicated question, and if, as appears, the English Government is sending war ships to protect Canadian vessels engaged in taking seal north of the Aleutian Islands, our Government will be confronted with an international question of the gravest importance. The revenue cutters Rush and Bear and the war ships Thetis, Adams and Iroquois will be at hand to enforce the law of the country as defined by the Treasury Department, so far as depredation of the seal fishing is concerned. Our Government takes the ground that when we acquired Alaska by purchase in 1867 we also acquired all of its vested rights, one of which was Behring Sea. This question was settled in 1829, when England attempted the same tactics she is now engaged in. Russia showed fight and sent a large fleet to these waters to uphold her position. The question was finally settled by arbitration against England. Secretary Blaine is determined in this matter. He maintains that we have exclusive dominion over all that portion of the Pacific Ocean known as Behring Sea, excepting such as lies east of the treaty line, bordering on the Siberian coast. The matter has been discussed in Cabinet, and the determination of the administration is to enforce all our rights in the matter. If England persists in sending ships of war to protect the Canadian vessels in taking these young seal, this government will take vigorous measures to stop it.

The first conflict of authority within this immense area of water, claimed and owned by the United States, may mean war. It is believed that England, seeing that this government is determined to enforce its rights, even if recourse to force is necessary, will withdraw and submit the question to arbitration, as was done with Russia in 1829.

Clear the Way

Without loss of time when the intestinal canal is blocked up by reason of constipation, chronic or temporary. It should be borne in mind that this ailment is prone to become obstinate and lasting, and breed other and worse complaints. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the precise remedy to remove the obstruction effectually, but without drenching or weakening the blockaded bowels, a consequence always to be apprehended from the use of violent laxatives, which are among the most pernicious of the cheap nostrums swallowed by the credulous and misinformed. The fiat of experience, and of the medical fraternity, sanction the claims of this standard aperient. Not only as a source of relief and permanent regularity to the bowels, liver and stomach, but as a means of remedying and preventing kidney and bladder troubles, and fever and ague, it is without a peer.

Fruit dealers are mostly all orangemen—in the season.

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CURES

Cuts, Swellings, Bruises, Sprains, Galls, Strains, Lameness, Stiffness, Cracked Heels, Scratches, Contractions, Flesh Wounds, Stringhalt, Sore Throat, Distemper, Colic, Whitlow, Poll Evil, Fistula, Tumors, Splints, Ringbones and Spavin in the early Stages. Directions with each bottle.

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THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

Hood's Sarsaparilla 100 Doses One Dollar

All Tired Out from the depressing effect of the changing season, or by hard work and worry—you need the toning, building up, nerve-strengthening effect of Hood's Sarsaparilla to give you a feeling of health and strength again. It purifies the blood, cures biliousness, dyspepsia, headache, etc. Sold by all druggists. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Comical Cuttings.

It is said that Henry Irving would decline a knighthood should one be offered him. He isn't one of the be-knighted kind.

The leader of a brass band ought to put on a great many "airs."

It is only when the guardian of an infant is also a physician that he may become a ward healer.

Add'em was was the first conspicuous figure in this world.

It's strange, but a bucket shop is the poorest place in the world to take your tin if you wish to make anything.

"Wives should never conceal anything from their husbands," says a writer. If this advice were followed out it would create a revolution in feminine pockets.

What is sweeter than roses
That bloom in the beauty of June?
Or the stately and fragrant lilies
Whose bells ring a summer tune?
Ah, sweeter the roses blowing
On the cheeks of those we love,
And the lily of health that's glowing
The cheek's red rose above.

But how soon the lily and the rose wither in the faces of our American women. Why is it? Simply because so many of them are victims of weaknesses, irregularities and functional derangements incidental to the sex. If they would use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription all these beauty and health-destoryiug ailments might be warded off, and we would hear less about women "growing old before their time."

Metaphorically speaking, milk is a kin to the baby, but the relationship is somewhat strained.

100 Ladies Wanted,

And 100 men to call daily on any druggist for a Free trial package of Lane's Family Medicine, the great root and herb remedy, discovered by Dr. Silas Lane while in the Rocky Mountains. For diseases of the blood, liver and kidneys it is a positive cure. For constipation and clearing up the complexion it does wonders. Children like it. Every one praises it. Large size package, 50 cts. At all druggists.

An ivory handle—Feeling of an elephant's tusks.

THE WORST WRECK, PHYSICALLY

Of any Man this Country ever saw, CURED.

JACKSON MICH., October. 1885.

Rheumatic Syrup Co.

GENTLEMEN:—In November, 1884, I was cut in the wrist by a broken bottle, from which I suffered extreme pain I called a doctor who pronounced it sciatic rheumatism. He gave me a morphine injection in my right shoulder, which resulted in paralyzing my right side. I was kept under the influence of morphine until last March. My right leg and arm had become badly withered and my joints were so stiff that there was but little action in them. About that time I discontinued the use of morphine. About six weeks ago I first heard of your Rheumatic Syrup and was advised to try it. And here let me impress this fact upon your mind, that my right arm and leg were shrunken, paralyzed, and withered so much that I could hardly walk or swing along, and that but little, and attended with great effort and pain. Since I have been taking your Syrup I have left off the use of crutches entirely, and only use a cane, and for the past few days I often forget it and walk without any aid. To say that I am happy, and that it has greatly benefited me, but poorly expresses my idea of your Rheumatic Syrup. Yours truly,

C. D. DENIO.

Dealer in General Groceries, corner Trail and Mechanic Streets.

Mr. C. D. Denio is a man well known in this community, and was probably the worst wreck, physically, of any man this country ever saw. He was paralyzed from rheumatic poison, and no one ever expected he would get well. He is well, and it is simply marvelous. The above statement made by him is true, and may be fully relied upon. I am truly yours,

FRANK L. SMITH.

Ex-member State Legislature, and Proprietor Hurd House, Jackson, Mich.

In the vale—A lady's face.

If you are doubtful as to the use of Dobbins' Electric Soap, and cannot accept the experience of millions who use it, after the 24 years it has been on the market, one trial will convince you. Ask your grocer for it. Take no imitation.

Not real timber—The ship's log.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:—

Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address.

Respectfully,

T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., New York

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria

STATE SCHOOL-BOOK LEGISLATION.

New England Journal.

A crisis has been reached in the condition of the public mind in a few Western States, concerning the publication of school books. There will be, hereafter, a better understanding, a more healthy condition of public sentiment. With the origin of the agitation we have nothing to do. Suffice it to say that the buoyancy of spirit and temper of criticism that they have characterized a half-dozen rapidly exploded and early forgotten agitations directed itself to the publication of school books with rare fury. It was useless for any one to protest or express an opinion. Nothing less than an "official investigation," full and genuine, would answer the case. It was fortunate, therefore, that the legislative commission recently appointed by the Senate and the House of Ohio to investigate "trusts," visited Cincinnati for the purpose of summoning a large number of witnesses, publishers, booksellers, agents, and others, who were examined under oath as to the alleged "school book trust." Full reports of the testimony were published in the city papers. As this is more than a local issue, and as it is the first official utterance upon a matter regarding which there has been much heedless talk, we give the result in detail:

It was proven by the sworn testimony that there is not now, and never has been, any "school book trust," or any "pooling of issues," or anything else in the nature of a trust, or any arrangement to lessen competition in prices. But there is, however, a "School Book Publishers' Association," organized and sustained solely for the purpose of bringing the business of introducing books under wholesome regulations and proper restrictions, having reference only to the operations of traveling agents and resulting in the best interests of the public.

It was proved that there is not now, and has never been, any combination among publishers for the purpose of maintaining, or "keeping up," or in any manner controlling, or tending to control the prices; but on the contrary, its avowed object is to "cheapen the price of school books," and that such has been the result, every house, member of the association, being free to make their prices and terms as low as they please, change them as often as they please, reduce them as much as they please, and sell their books as cheaply as they can afford.

It was proved that there is not now, and never has been, as alleged, a division of territory among publishers, such as assigning one State, or a portion of a State, to one firm, and another to another; but that on the contrary, all publishers are at a perfect liberty to compete for the patronage in any State or county where competition is not prohibited by law, and that the only reason why the publications of certain houses are more largely used in one section of the country, while those of other houses are more largely used in other sections, is the natural result of choice in selection, local preference, and the natural desire for uniformity.

It was proved that there is not now, and never has been, as alleged, any such thing as "school book monopoly" in any State, county or territory, except where such "monopoly" has been forced upon communities by unwholesome laws creating such monopoly; but that on the contrary, with these exceptions, every State, county and city is open alike to the competition of all school book publishers whenever they desire to submit their publications upon their merits, together with their most liberal terms. Boards of education are at liberty at all times, and have the privilege of selecting, according to their choice, from all the great number of series published, and can be supplied at the very lowest exchange introduction, wholesale or contract prices, and upon the most favorable terms afforded to any State, county or city.

It was proved that since the organization of the "School-book Publishers' Association" the evils resulting from the sharp competition among rival publishers, such as strife and disagreement among the boards of education and factions in communities, have been almost entirely obviated, and at the same time the prices of school books materially reduced. For instance, that the retail prices of school books have in most places been lessened fully 20 per cent., and where they are sold at the publishers' net contract prices, from 33⅓ to 40 per cent. and that these contract prices are lower than the prices of any books published by State appropriation at the expense of tax payers.

This will do much toward calling a halt in the injudicious attemps of legislatures to set up a book publishing establishment of their own, supplying, at public expense, that which private enterprise has done much better and at lower rates. The educational sentiment, so far as we know it, is most decidedly opposed to any step backward in educational progress, such as seems inevitable under the machine-like way of making text-books by the State. It is not out of regard to the publishers, great has been their service to the cause of education by their alertness in embodying in text-book from every advance in methods of instruction: every latest fact in science, history, nature, and philosophy, but out of regard to the cause of education, which means the best good of the country in every respect. It would be practically impossible for any man to do as good, independent, progressive work for the State seeking economy through monopoly as for a publishing house pushed to the utmost generosity by competition.

The American school-book is recognized throughout the world as a model of good taste and beauty, because competition has led publishers to command the highest skill and the best thought, not of one State or county, but of the world.

The educational influence of these text-books is felt in every home into which they enter. For these reasons we hold that the school publishers should be considered as essential auxiliaries in the promotion of the highest usefulness of the public schools, and while they engage in their work from a business stand-point, they deserve to be regarded as helpers in the advancement of education, and to be treated like other honorable business men.

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To regulate the stomach, liver and bowels, Dr. Pierce's Pellets excel. One a dose.

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It is an established fact known to all horseman that no cart is fit to use especially to brake young colts with unless the weight is carried independent of the shafts, as any shaft motion will spoil his gait and make it unpleasant to manage him.

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The large number of certificates received of the virtues of this preparation in the treatment of this unpleasant disease, abundantly attest its efficacy. It is without a rival. It is the only medicine now on the market adapted to Catarrh, that performs what it promises and effects not only speedy relief but a permanent cure. Unlike many nostrums now before the public, it does not dry up temporarily the nasal discharges, but eradicates the producing cause, thus leaving the system in a sound and healthy condition. Ask your druggists for a bottle of Sykes' Sure Cure for Catarrh and you will be healed of the malady For sale by all Druggists

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JOHN RAY, Ft. Wayne, Ind. Jan. 8, 1889.

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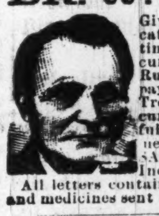

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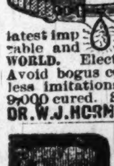

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It is Palatable as Milk.
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It is a perfect Emulsion, does not separate or change.
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It is the best remedy for Consumption, Scrofula, Bronchitis, Wasting Diseases, Chronic Cough and Colds.

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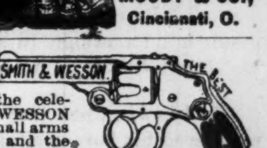

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RUPTURE Positively cured in 60 days by Dr. Horne's Electro-Magnetic Belt Truss, combined. Guaranteed the only one in the world generating a continuous *Electric & Magnetic current.* Scientific, Powerful, Durable, Comfortable and Effective. Avoid frauds. Over 9,000 cured. Send stamp for pamphlet. ALSO ELECTRIC BELTS FOR DISEASES. DR. HORNE, REMOVED TO 180 WABASH AVE., CHICAGO.

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$25 WEEKLY! Representatives wanted. Goods new and sell on sight. Household necessity. No canvassing ELITE M'F'G. CO., Pullman Bldg, Chicago.

ORATORS find that Piso's Cure for Consumption not only PREVENTS, but also CURES Hoarseness.

PATENTS F. A LEHMANN Washington, D. C. Send for Circular.

I N 7 22—89 INDPLS

When writing to Advertisers readers will confer a favor by mentioning this Paper.

LADIES! Try Tansy Pills. Safe, prompt, effectual.

PROTECTION FOR THE NEGRO.

1. An Arkansas Episode. 2. Regulators at Work. 3. The Jim Crow Car. 4. A Common Accurrence.

LOCAL.

Miss Carrie Porter is very sick.

Room 6 for rent, No. 15 Elsworth St.

Bethel Literary Society closed for the season.

Elder Chas. Williams is very ill this week.

Attend the South Calvary Literary next Monday evening.

Mrs. Mattie Taylor has almost recovered from her recent illness.

Mr. Wm. Miller has one of the neatest barber shops on the west side.

L. D. S. Christy has returned to the city for treatment under Dr. S. A. Elbert.

Miss Maria Yeager, of California, is the guest of Miss Bell Stone, 227 N. Meridian St.

For fine and substantial boots and shoes go to Mr. M. Hanson's, 440 S. Meridian St.

Mrs. N. A. Ward, wife of our popular patrolman, has been seriously ill, but is convalescent at this writing.

Don't fail to attend the Odd Fellows' picnic and excursion to Clayton, June 20. It will be the picnic of the season.

"Ky" Lawson has just renovated and repapered his barber shop, and it now looks as cute as "Ky" with his "Sunday clothes on."

Messrs. Henry Sweetland and John Puryear, two well-known citizens of this city, are candidates for the council from the 3d and 4th wards, respectively.

Little Byron, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Lewis, departed this life last Friday a week, and was buried from Vermont Street Church, Sunday after noon.

The Martain K. Delaney Post, ot the G. A. R., held their memorial service, last Sunday, at Allen Chapel, in memory of the late Henry Seaton, commander, and Wm. H. Taylor, Adjutant.

Members and friends, you are cordially invited to meet at Olivet Baptist Church next Tuesday evening for the purpose of organizing a literary society.

J. A. PRESTON, Pastor.

Dr. T. N. Watson, of this city, and one of the oldest and best known colored physicians in the State, died last Tuesday. He was a prominent member of the G. A. R. and Odd Fellows, and a leading Republican. He leaves a wife and several children.

BASE BALL NOTES.

St. Louis boasts of a fine nine, the West End club.

Chicago has two crack clubs, the Unions and the Models.

Don't forget the Blackstockings and When next Thursday.

The Pinchbacks of New Orleans will make a tour North soon.

Cario has two number one clubs, one by lads which is hard to down.

The Leland Blues is the name of a strong colored nine in Springfield, Ills.

The Indianapolis team will return home next week much to the relief of the home patrons.

Our readers will please furnish us with names of Negro clubs in their cities, and of match games when played.

The "Sheldon Club" of Evansville will play the West End Club, of St. Louis, in that city to-morrow and Monday. The St. Louis Club must hustle to beat them.

A game has been arranged between the "Hoosier Blackstockings" and the "Whens" of this city at the ball park next Thursday June 5th at 3:50 p. m. Admission 25 cents. The When club is one of the strongest in the city league and as the Blackstockings are the best colored ball tossers in the State much interest is centered in the game. Everybody will be there. Don't miss it.

CIRCUS DAY.

Striking Features of the 4-Paw and "Wild West" Shows.

As circus day approaches, interest in the coming exhibition of the great Forepaugh and "Wild West" shows in Indianapolis, Monday, June 3, increases and the excitement in Young American circles expands. The reports of the big show's success this year have been so general, and the leading features have produced so great a sensation elsewher. that public interest has been aroused to a greater extent than usual, and the big show is certain to coin money. It must always be a source of satisfaction to an audience when it feels it is getting an equivalent for its money; but when the performance gets out of the established "rut" of the average circus, and develops into a series of surprising novelties, any one of which would constitute a "feature" strong enough to draw the public, an audience must become enthusiastic in its pleasure and gratification. This seems to be the fact wherever the great Forepaugh show has been this season, and that undoubtedly will be the effect here.

It would be impossible to particularize all the features of this huge show, but a few among the many are: The three Eugenes, famous Parisian gymnasts, whose wonderful act in mid air has never been equaled, and are said to draw the enormous salary of $1,000 a week. M'lle Tournaire, whose balancing act on the swinging trapeze compels both awe and admiration; Orrin Hollis, the English somersault bareback rider; Julia Lowande, premieae equestrienne, and one hundred other arenic stars, including gymnasts, acrobats, riders and clowns; Adam Forepaugh, Jr.', thrilling act of driving thirty horses at headlong speed around the quarter mile race track; this famous young animal trainer's grandest achievement. "Eclipse," the trapeze leaping pony; "Blondin," the famous rope walking horse; the great herd of dancing, fighting and pyramid elephants; and the picturesque and romantically realistic exhibition of the "Wild West"—a series of living pictures of life on the border, portrayed by Indians, scouts and cowboys, who have spent their lives among the scenes they enact. The marvelous shooting of Dr. Carver, the world's champion rifle shot, is alone a feature of surpassing interest.

All the great features of the show will be exhibited in the magnificent street pageant, which takes place at 10 a. m. on the day of the exhibition in this city.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

The quality of roof slates, says a German trade journal, may be easily tested by carefully weighing samples, then putting them for a quarter of an hour inte boiling water that is fairly free from lime, saltpetre and ammonia; on reweighing the slates, those that show the greatest increase in weight are the most capable of resisting deterioration.

One of a recent party of convicts bound for Siberia was a baroness and her husband, formerly her footman, sentenced each to twenty years' servitude. The Baroness was married when young to an old man, and she fell in love with his footman. She poisoned her husband and was arrested, but the footman escaped. She subsequently escaped from the hospital where she was confined, sought out her footman lover, and married him. They settled in Kovno, and were only recently discovered there, living in abject poverty.

One of the most remarkable and unique of the characters that have recently visited America is a native Esquimau woman named Olaf Kraver. She is a little being, 40 inches tall, dark complexion and golden hair. She left Greenland, her home, fifteen years ago on a dog sledge, reaching Iceland, in search of education. From there she reached in time Manitoba, and thence Wisconsin. She lectures in tolerable English on the domestic life of the Arctic North. This is the first appearance of a descendant of the cave dwellers as a lecturer among Aryans.

The chiefs in the last Zulu revolt have been tried by the British Government and sentenced with a severity which is denounced by the entire press. After the departure of Cetywayo, his son, Dinizulu, who succeeded him, being stopped in his operations against his hereditary enemy, Usibepu, drifted into hostilities with the English, and soon, upon the advice of Bishop Colenso and his daughter, surrendered himself to the Cape authorities. He has now been sentenced to ten years' imprisonment. His uncle, Undabuko, is sent up for fifteen years, and another ringleader, Tshingand, for twelve years. The London press almost unanimously asks for abatement of the sentences.

Nothing is heard from Washington of the appeal to Congress for the coinage of half-cent pieces that was adopted by the Convention of the Newsdealers' National Association. These coins are greatly needed in trade, according to this appeal, which says that "the American cent represents a higher value than that of the smaller European coinage, higher than English farthings, French centimes, German pfennings, or Dutch halve centen, and that the difference in value between the American cent and the small Asiatic coin is still larger." It is understood that Senator Blair of New Hampshire favors the coinage desired by the Newsdealers' National Association, but he has few backers.

Senator Cullom, Chairman of the Inter-State Commerce Committee of the United States Senate, who put Chauncey M. Depew, Chas. Francis Adams, and other railroad men under examination in this city last week, makes a specialty of looking like Abraham Lincoln. With the natural resemblance of a long and lean figure and a strong-featured face enhanced by shaving his upper lip, and leaving his beard to grow, the Illinois Senator really does look at first glance a good deal like the great President, or rather as Lincoln might have looked if he had less trouble on his mind during his public life, for there is nothing indicative of an over-weight of official burdens about the feature of Senator Cullom. Those who knew him well accuse him of carrying his desire to appear a second Lincoln even further than looks, and say that he affects mannerisms that are populary supposed to have been peculiar to Lincoln, and that he tries to tell stories like those of the immortal Abe.—N. Y. Sun.

Political Anncuncement!

Charles Miles is a candidate for City Clerk, subject to the decision of tde Republican nominating convontion.

Al Taffe is a candidate for city clerk, subject to the decision of the Republican nominating convention.

Fred Gaul is a candidate for re-election to the Council from the 23rd ward. Subject to the decision of the Democratic Nominating Convention.

Gray & Gribben

—DEALDRS IN—

Jewelry of all Kinds.

We carry a full line of Watches, Clocks Gold Pens, Collar Buttons, Cuff Buttons and silverware of every kind and discription. Our rates will please all. come examine our stock and be convinced The best goods sold on easy Weekly or Monthly payments.

Gray & Gribben,

INSTALLMNET DEALERS,

90 North Illinois Street.

FIRST GRAND

MILITARY

PICNIC

OF THE SEASON

Wednesday, June 5,

BLUE RIVER PARK.

Trains leave Union Station at 8:30 a m. Returning from Park at 3:50 and 7 p. m.

Prof. Myers and Deerys Military band and orchestra will be in attendance.

Fair for round trip- Adults, 50 cents, children under twelve 25 cents.

Come and go with us and have a good time in the fresh air.

GRAND OPENING WEEK

—Of the Large new stock of—

* SUMMER * GOODS, *

Procured at Special Low Prices, now offered at correspondingly Big Inducements, See the new goods, A delight to see them, A pleasure to buy them,

Open every evening.

Dedert & Sudbrock,

158 & 160 East Washington St.

Chas. Willigs

—IS THE—

Cheapest place in the City

TO BUY

Furniture, Carpets, and Children Carriages

ON

PAYMENTS OR CASH

468 Virg. Ave.

Men's SUITS Strictly all Wool. $8.97.

Boy's SUITS Strictly all Wool. Ages 14 to 18 $7.97.

Children's SUITS Strictly all Wool. Ages 4 to 14. $3.97.

Also ask to see lot No. 7854. 100 Boys' Suits, ages 14 to 18, which we sell this week at $3.50.

Dunlap styles Stiff Hats, all shades, at $1.49. Straws 19 cents and upward.

Original Eagle

5 & 7 WEST WASHINGTON ST.

G. U. O. of O. F.

Lincoln Union Lodge No. 1486, Garret Smith Lodge No. 1706 and O. P. Morton Lodge No. 1987. Grand United Order of Odd Fellows, will Hold their

Annual PICNIC at CLAYTON

THURSDAY, JUNE 20th, 1889.

Clayton is located 23 miles west of this city, and the Grove where the picnic will be held has been greatly improved and beautitied, and furnishes plenty of water; shelter in case of rain, a lake of sparkling water, covering three acres of ground, affords ample pleasure for all who desire to fish and boat-ride.

GOOD MUSIC by the Hotel Brotherhood Military Band.

Train will leave the Union Station via the Vandalia C. R at 8 a. m.

Fare for the Round Trip, Adults 75c, Children under 12 years of age, 50c.

Refreshment stands will be sold Wednesday evening, June 5th at Seaton & Venderwood's Restaurant No. 174 Indiana Avenue.

All are invited to join us. The committee will spare no pains to make this a day of pleasure for everyone.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS

Wm. W. Walden, Chairman. Thos. Franklin. F. C. Hibbitts.
Dan D. Wells, Secretary. John Saunders. N. P. Gardner.
A. E Manning, John Carter. Aaron Scott.

NEW DRUG STORE!

Stop at the corner of Illinois and North streets for Drugs. Medicines, Soaps, Perfumes and Fine Toilet Articles. A fine line of Cigars, Tobacco and Stationary always on hand. Try our Ice Cream Soda. Prescriptions carefully compounded Give us a call. Telephone 714.

J. B. OWENS & CO.

Look o heah, I want to ax you a qustin! Kin yer tell whar the cheapes plac in Indianapolis to buy shoes? (Elijah resting on the wagon. Yes, if you kin find eny big nough fer you. Go to Wengers Bates House Shoe Store. de cheapes place in town.

Wenger, the Bates House Shoe Dealer

—Carries a full line of—

* BOOTS and SHOES *

And his prices are within the reach of all. He can please the most fastidious ane he handles only the best goods. on't fail to call if you want a durable easy wearing shoe

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